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JAPAN IN TIME OF WAR

By EDWARD A. WICHER, Union Church Pastor, Kobe

THERE is no country in the world where there is greater unanimity in all matters of public policy than there is in Japan. This whole nation is absolutely one—one in its faith in the greatness of Great Nippon, one in its adoration of the Emperor, and one in its resolve to drive back Russia and save Asia from what it regards as a Slavic peril.

Before the outbreak of the war there was not an absolute unanimity of sentiment either as to the necessity of war or as to the strategic moment at which hostilities should be begun. There was in November and December of last year an emphatic difference of sentiment between the Ministry and the House of Representatives. The latter, favouring war and fresh from a general election, moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government because after Russia's second failure to implement her promises to evacuate Manchuria it did not at once send an armed force to compel evacuation. But the Government, not being responsible to the house, instead of resigning, replied by dissolving the house and ruling without a popular assembly. Just at this time, however, the Strong Foreign Policy Party (the Tairo Doshi Kaisha, usually shortened to Taidokai, the three initial characters of the name in the native *Kana*), composed chiefly of young and vigorous politicians, and very much influenced by Professor Tomasu of the Imperial University, was gaining constantly

new strength in the nation, and profoundly affecting public opinion against Russia. The leaders of this party believed with their whole hearts that Japan would have to defeat Russia or ultimately lose her own independence, and they wanted the struggle to come as soon as possible. The statesmen in power were in no hurry to accede to the demands of the enthusiastic younger men, though subsequent events have shown that they were not unwilling to have the latter agitating the people in the direction of war.

Now every class and party is acting



THE MIKADO



A CELEBRATION AT KOBE STATION IN HONOUR OF DEPARTING TROOPS

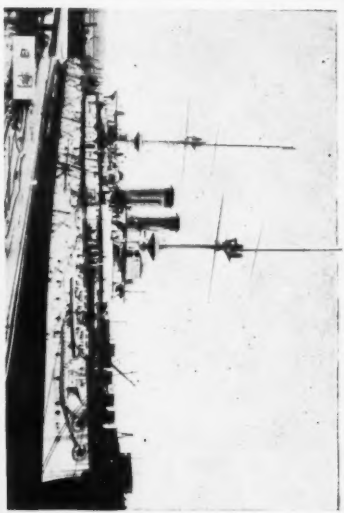
A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

together. The officers of the army, the descendants of the old *Samurai* class, have the fighting blood of generations in their veins; the rank and file, the descendants of the old coolie class, have for generations been accustomed to following the instructions of the *Samurai*, and are now rejoiced at the grand opportunity of fighting. Feudalism, as a system, is abolished in Japan, but the spirit of feudalism is still by far the most powerful force in the national life. It may manifest itself in modern forms, but the spirit is none the less feudal. Has not the Emperor said to fight? Is not the *Samurai* leading? Then, Banzai, let us fight.

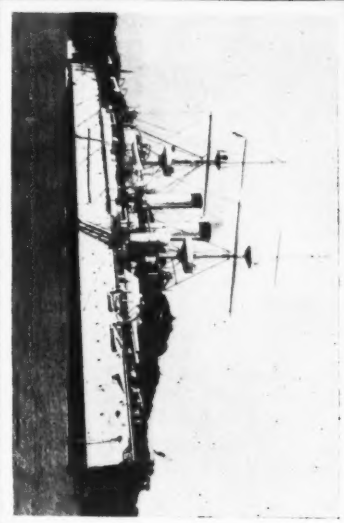
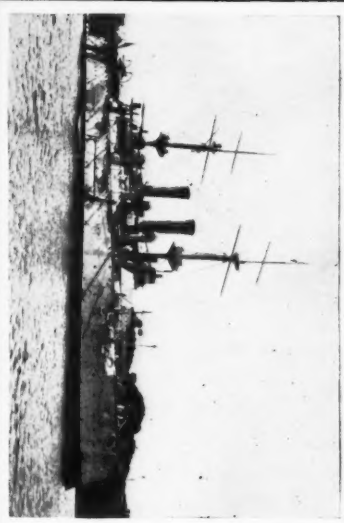
There were some prudent people who before the war began were disposed to discount the popular enthusiasm. They would wait until the strain of hunger and the anguish of

bereavement came, and see whether it would not die out. But it is more pronounced now than it has ever been before. Passing through the country at this time one might think that there was a great national festival in progress, such an appearance do the streets of cities and villages present. Flags, bunting, streamers, and large pictures which are illuminated by night, are everywhere. Looking down from the balcony of the Manse, where I am writing these words, I can see literally tens of thousands of large flags waving over the whole city from east to west. But along the lines of the railways where the troop-trains run the decorations are most elaborate and imposing.

Nothing could be more indicative of the war spirit of Japan than the behaviour of a crowd at the passing of one of these trains. On the days when



ARIZONA—ARIZONA



ARIZONA—ARIZONA

JAPAN'S FIGHTING CRAFT

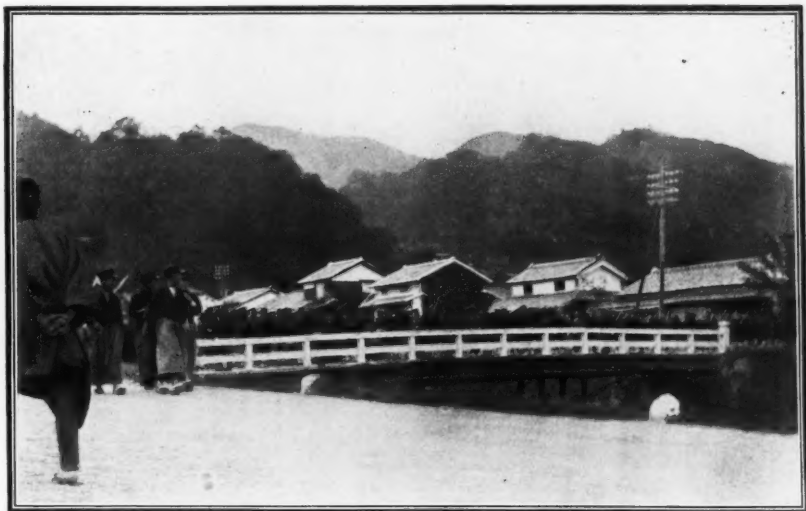


A PROCESSION IN KOBE TO CELEBRATE JAPANESE VICTORIES

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

the soldiers are going through the railway stations are thronged with people, as are also all the places in the streets from which a clear view of the track is afforded. After a little time a small black speck is seen away down the shining rails. It grows and becomes more animated until an engine with a train of twelve or fifteen cars suddenly becomes large and dashes past in front of the spectators. The cars may be third-class passenger cars or ordinary freight cars. All kinds are now pressed into service, and it is seldom that an officer has the privilege of riding in a first-class coach; more often it is the third-class for him also. There is no fuss and feathers about the Japanese military officer in time of war. As the train approaches the city the car windows are opened, the doors of the freighters are thrust back, and there is seen a long row of heads leaning forward, with more heads behind these

again, and all shouting "Banzai." Long before this time the crowds on the streets have begun to shout. Cheer after cheer sweeps right across the city and can be heard distinctly miles away in the country. There are lusty young fellows, not yet been called out, and envious of those who have been, who throw up both arms and shout with their whole might "Banzai." There are aged men and women, bent half double as is the manner of the aged in Japan, who are sometimes seen to fall upon their knees and pray (to which God who can say?) for the victory of Great Nippon. There are mothers with their babies strapped to their back, the babies clasping diminutive flags in their diminutive hands, and shouting with their mothers "Banzai." If it be a holiday or after school hours, there are school-children whose boisterous merriment swells the general confusion and enthusiasm. No one ever thinks of correcting



JAPANESE SOLDIERS CROSSING A BRIDGE AT SUMA NEAR KOBE

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

school-boys in Japan, partly because they know so much, and partly because they are boys. And the national infection makes them uproariously loyal when they shout "Banzai." Sometimes the foreigners are seen in the crowd, and I do not know a foreigner who, when a train of soldiers is passing through, would not in foreign fashion take his hat from his head, wave it tumultuously in the air, and shout "Banzai." We are almost, if not quite, as eager for the Japanese victory as are the Japanese themselves. After one train has passed through there is a subsidence for half an hour, and then another train comes and it all begins over again.

Another feature of the celebrations of the time are the frequent processions organised by the different groups of trade and business, which parade the city by night carrying illuminated lanterns and shouting war songs. The Japanese have an inimitable eye to effect in this kind of thing, and can get up processions in an artistic style not to be surpassed. The children, too, have their proces-

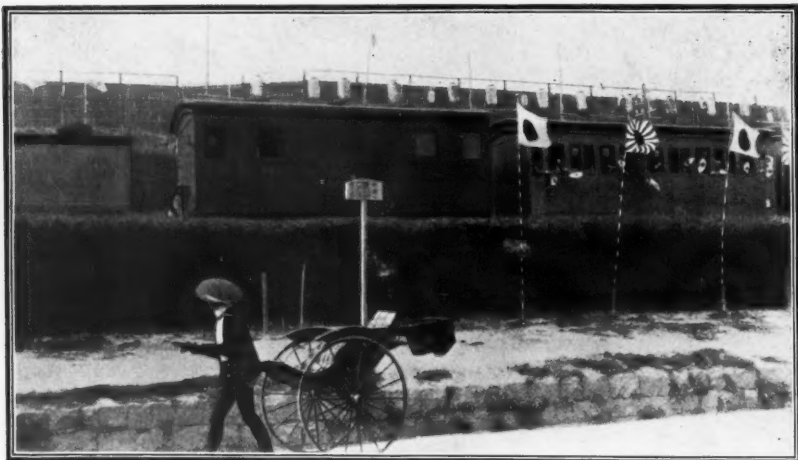
sions. It is not an uncommon sight to see thirty or forty youngsters, of from four to twelve years of age, walking in regular order under their leader and singing at the top of their voices,

Nippon Kata, Nippon Kata,
Rushia Makita.

which means:

Japan is on topside, Japan is on topside,
Russia is down below.

The loyalty of the people has shown itself in the willingness with which they have made financial sacrifices in the support of the various war-funds. The nation as a nation is poor. Her soldiers are serving with practically no wages except their food and uniforms. The Government, as such, makes no provision for the support of the families of the reservists who are called out, or the widows and orphans of the fallen. All the money spent in this way is derived from private sources. All kinds of personal sacrifices are being made for the collection and maintenance of the necessary funds. Old families have in some instances parted with rare



A CONVOY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE COUNTRY NEAR KOBE

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH

and valued private possessions in order to contribute. There has never been a time since I have come into the country when the curio shops contained anything like the number and variety of beautiful old goods which they do now. And the sacrifices of the poor have been even more touching than those of the rich, for they have given out of their own scarcity.

In some cases, too, where a husband and a father has been called to serve, the wife and mother has already had to undertake slavish labour for the support of the little ones—labour which is now hard to find and, when found, very poorly paid. Indeed, these cases are now so numerous as to pass without comment among the people. And very few of these women would keep their husbands at home with them if they could.

Of the soldiers going to the front, it is true to say that practically every

man would rejoice in the prospect of death on the field of battle, if by that death his country's honour could be advanced. Undoubtedly their Oriental fatalism plays a part in their indifference to their own lives; and there is a real danger that some of them may throw away their lives recklessly, or may commit hari-kari in the hour of reverse, forgetting that even though they were taken prisoners to-day, they might live to fight to-morrow's battle. But fatalism is not the whole explanation of their attitude of mind; their feudal training, which has ground into them the idea of subordinating the individual to the State, is a far more important part of the explanation. Judging from the temper of both soldier and civilian, I would conclude that the army of Japan must either defeat Russia or be annihilated; and the history of the war thus far looks very much like the former.





THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN
A progressive woman



THE CROWN PRINCESS SADA
Wife of Prince Haru

JAPAN'S LEADERS

By NORMAN PATTERSON

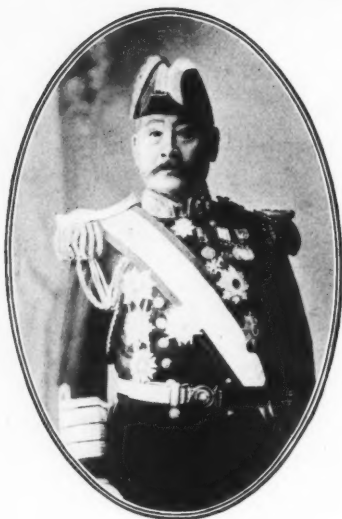
ANY kind of uniform, a good rifle, a pouch full of cartridges, and a twenty-pound bag of rice, and you are ready to march through Manchuria with the diamond edition of Humanity, the little brown men of the Mikado. The keynote to the character of the Jap is "simplicity." He lives simply, eats simply, works simply, and dies simply. He does not go to the front with ovens, cooking-stoves, biscuits, flour, canned meat, canned fruit and a bath-tub. He carries a bag of rice. He does not require huge supply trains and all sorts of merchandise to follow in his wake—only extra ammunition wagons and a few cartloads of rice. He makes no fuss. He quietly marches up the hill, and if he marches down again, it is down *the other side*. If this does not occur, his comrades bury him on the top.

When the war broke out, Chicago thought the Jap would require canned beef and wheat, London thought he



THE CROWN PRINCE HARU

He is the first heir-apparent to be educated in public. He has two sons, Prince Micho and Prince Atsu.



MARQUIS ITO

The chief subject of the Mikado and one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. Also said to have less worldly wealth than any other man of his rank in the world.

would need money, and prices began to soar. They have all come down again. The Jap does not do business except on his own terms. He floated one small loan in London, and they choused him; but they will not gain anything by such conduct. He will place a memo. in this little book on a page headed "John Bull." All sorts of travellers went to Japan to sell the Jap hygienic underwear and all the accessories that make soldiers useless, and they are now coming back—without orders. Men trained in *Jiu-jitsu* do not mind being under-clothed and under-fed. They can fight sixteen hours at a stretch, they can march fifty miles in a day without horses, they know how to shoot and how to make rifles of their own, and nearly every man of them is an athlete, soldier and engineer rolled into one.

Who are the leaders of this nation? The pictures of some are scattered through these pages. No one man is responsible. A nation is a multiple of

units; as is the unit so is the multiple. There must be many great men in Japan, otherwise there could not be that thoroughness of preparation for this great struggle; or that clear-cut conception of what the occasion would require. "There is," says the *Times*, "something almost terrible in the way in which these Japanese officers have bettered the instructions of their European teachers in reducing the art of slaying men to something of the nature of an exact mathematical process."

Let us look at the careers of some of these men, and perhaps we can guess the rest.

Mutsuhito, the present Emperor, succeeded his father, Komei, in 1867. Soon after his accession the Shogun, or real ruler of Japan, resigned his position and a new system of government was formed with the Emperor in direct control. Henceforth, Mutsuhito's name was appended to all laws, ordinances and treaties instead of the Shogun's—for the first time in Japanese history. Since 1868, he has been Emperor both *de jure* and *de facto*.

GENERAL TERANCHI
Minister for War



ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO

Minister for Marine—the man who is directing the work of Admirals Togo and Uriu.

He at once inaugurated a progressive policy. Kobe, Osaka, Yedo and Niigata were opened to foreign trade. Light-houses and telegraphs were introduced in 1870, and a postal system, a mint, railways, newspapers and other improvements in the next two years. The founding of the Imperial University and the withdrawal of anti-Christian edicts immediately followed. Then the reaction set in, and the Saga Rebellion of 1874 and the Satsuma Rebellion of 1877, both which were speedily crushed, were protests against the progressive spirit of modern Japan. Finally, in 1881 came the promise of constitutional government and Japan had irrevocably adopted western civilisation. The constitution was adopted eight years later and Prince Haru proclaimed Crown Prince.

Mutsuhito may or may not be the 122nd ruler of his line, but he certainly represents an ancient dynasty, perhaps the oldest in the world. That, at the same time, he should be the most progressive monarch of modern times, is a matter of considerable import.

Though cradled in absolutism and oriental despotism, he has become a constitutional monarch, bridging at one step a gulf which yawned beneath many generations and kingly houses in Great Britain before it was finally crossed. Mutsuhito laid down his "divine rights" and his immense personal power to take up the less ostentatious and possibly less satisfying duties of a King who must rule according to his elected advisers. His predecessors lived in seclusion; he frequently shows himself in public, is the leader of his people, and commands their armies and navies. His Empress does not have shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She, too, appears in public, is a generous patron of female education, and is a leader in social and philanthropic enterprises.

In Canada there are men in high places who are the sons of farmers; in Japan the chief subject of His Majesty Emperor Mutsuhito is a farmer's son. Juzo Ito, the father of Marquis Ito, was a rustic gardener or



MARSHAL YAMAGATA

He will act as chief of staff in Tokio during the absence of Marshal Oyama in Manchuria.

He was Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in the Chinese-Japanese war.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HASAGAWA
Commander of the Imperial Guards

small farmer—a numerous and respectable class in Japan, where agriculture is the chief industry. The average farm is, however, only about two acres in extent. Juzo Ito had ambitions. He could not carry two swords, since he was not born a Samurai. He negotiated for his rank when an opportunity presented itself, and purchased superior position. He did not become a Samurai, but he secured a rank which enabled him to wear the coveted two swords. This, of course, helped his son, Hirobumi Ito, although he too had difficulties to face. He required education and travel. As a common sailor on a merchant ship he made his way to England. As a starving student, he led a solitary life at the Erle settlement, New York. He surmounted all difficulties, patiently bore great hardships, and has been Prime Minister of Japan four times. His great characteristic in private life is his love of reading. He devotes five or six hours a day to Japanese, German, English, French and Chinese books and periodicals. He is a student to-day, as in

his younger days. He is no orator, and seldom makes speeches. He thinks. He has been the thinker of the Japanese nation. He is not worshipped by the people, but he is held in great respect; his reputation at home is equal to his reputation abroad. He is unostentatious, lives simply, has never sold his country's secrets, as Li Hung Chang did, has never indulged in speculations, is generous according to his means, speaks in a most deliberate tone, with a sweet, gentle expression, and he is a good conversationalist.

The Marquis Ito was the leader of those who formed the famous Japanese Constitution promulgated on February 11th, 1889. In this document the Empire voluntarily and generously admitted the people to a share in the administration of public affairs "in consideration of the progressive tendency of the course of human affairs, and in parallel with the advance of civilisation." This constitution is patterned after the German constitution. It provides for a Privy Council (Sunitsu-In), appointed by the Emperor, and consisting of a presi-



ADMIRAL TOGO
A Christian and a hero



ADMIRAL URIU

Educated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, United States

dent, vice-president and twenty-five councillors. This council of advisors has power to look after international treaties, the question of peace or war, and generally to assist the Emperor in his duties. It is distinct from the cabinet, which includes ten responsible ministers, with a premier at their head. All are subject to change when a government goes out of power, with the exception of the two ministers of the army and the navy. The Imperial Diet consists of two houses, the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The former contains about 328 members, some hereditary, some elective and some appointive. The members of the Imperial Family, and princes and marquises are hereditary. Other members are elected for seven years. Others are appointed by the Emperor for meritorious services to the State or because of prominence in literature, science or art. The members of the House of Commons number 376, and are elected for four years. The Constitution further provides that no man is to be arrested, detained, tried or

punished except by law, and no house can be entered or searched without the owner's consent except in due process of law. Freedom is guaranteed to the press and for public meetings. Marquis Ito is thus notable as the father of a constitution which embodies the principles of Western Government—the first time they have been adopted by an Eastern nation. It is by this he must be judged. He must be progressive, intelligent, and wise beyond the average of his race and class. He is now the head of a party known as the *Seiyukai*, a moderate party corresponding nearly to what we would term Conservative.

Admiral Uriu was born of Samurai parents in 1858, was thoroughly trained in the English language by a tutor, and in the late seventies was a cadet in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He graduated in 1881, twenty-sixth in his class. He was slow to learn, but showed great persistency. After two years in Europe, he spent some time in the Naval College at Tokio and in 1885 took up his



COUNT MOUYE, REAR-ADMIRAL

When at the Annapolis Naval Academy he was called "Anyway"



SIR ARCHIBALD L. DOUGLAS

Vice-Admiral in the British Navy, who, when a captain, went to Japan to instruct and to assist in founding a naval college there.

regular work in the navy. Three years later he was attached to the General Staff, and from 1893 to 1897 was naval attaché to the Japanese Legation at Paris. In 1900 he commanded the battleship *Yashima*, the flagship of the fleet. Since the war began he distinguished himself by sinking the *Variag* and *Koriets* at Chemulpo.

Count Mouye, Rear-Admiral, was with Serata and Uriu at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. In 1882 he became a lieutenant and

from 1884 to 1887 was a member of the Admiral's personal staff. He gained considerable glory during the Chinese-Japanese war. He is said to have found it hard to master English. On one occasion when he met an old classmate in Japan he forgot all the English he ever knew, but showed his pleasure by repeatedly embracing the United States officer and swearing his affection in the purest Satsuma dialect.

When the Japanese Government was organising its army and navy, it established the Imperial Naval College at Tokio. The work was done by Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald L. Douglas, at present at Halifax and soon to be transferred to Portsmouth, who was then a captain. He took over to Japan with him an entire ship's company, including a commander, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, mariners and other lesser dignitaries. The Japanese wanted a complete crew so that each man could teach the Japanese of his own rank exactly what was required of them, even down to ship's boys. Their crews are thus duplicates of the British crews.

General Teranchi is the Minister for War and is senior to the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of Staff, the generals and other officers in order. The army has come into great prominence under him, and to him much of the credit will be given, although he has no control over the navy. All Japanese subjects are liable for service between the ages of 17 and 40 years. There is (1) active service with the colours for three years; (2) First Reserve term of four years; (3) Second Reserve term of five years; and (4) Service in the Territorial Army for a short period. In time of peace those in the last three classes are called out for drill only once a year. The peace footing is about 200,000, and the war footing 500,000.





SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*," etc.

IV—CONAN DOYLE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has the prize-fighting conception of life—he estimates man by his brute pluck, his so-called sporting instincts, and by the acute cunning that he brings to the game. The wide universe, with its vast significance, passes before his eyes, that are wholly indifferent to it except in its eternal warfare for the survival of the fittest; it is the bugle alone that calls him to attention. And yet, to

show how large a part this fighting instinct plays in the human imagination, his work is perhaps amongst the best known of any living writer's in our England of to-day. There is scarce a man, woman or child but knows whom you mean if you speak of Sherlock Holmes.

Now, make no mistake about it, that is a very triumphant thing to say of any man's creation; it is to say that he has created a world-type. Sherlock Holmes is known also in nearly every

foreign tongue of Europe. And this is all the more remarkable when we remember that Conan Doyle's stories of Sherlock Holmes are largely devoid of literary style; there is no grip of the music or rhythm or other emotional quality that makes of prose a splendid art; and there is little grip of character—not a single character besides Sherlock Holmes lives in the memory—he simply creates a cunning fighting human machine, who talks the story through its narrative length. Of the pulsing life and thrilling blood, of the live bone and the sensitive flesh, moved by the breath of subtle emotions that make of the body a live human entity, there is small trace. The manner of writing is bald as a guard-report, as unquickened as a statute-book; the descriptions as unimpassioned as an inventory. But always there is that statement of the eternal warfare of life; and though that statement is not a full and true statement of life, it is an obvious part of life, and a part that lies at the base of every human instinct.

The reason that it is not an artistic statement of life is due to two facts: Conan Doyle has not that sense of the musical quality of words to transfer emotion; he tells everything in exactly the same manner, whether it be love, or war, or anger, or sighs, or thunder, or whispers—everything is in the same word-colour. Secondly, in his survey of life, he sees only the struggle of brute strength and of intellectual strength; and the man who can see no further into life than that cannot see life in its fulness.

It is, of course, absolutely true that the fittest survive. It is as absolutely true that the struggle is eternal to be the fittest. And it is to a certain extent true that the prize-fighter and the swash-buckler breed courage for the struggle of the race. But they do not breed the best sort of courage. And if it comes to that, the man of meanest physique with a revolver in his hand is the master in the death-grip with the most powerful prize-fighter ever bred, In fact, this worship of prize-fighting,

this over-rating of what is called sport, is not only disproportionate to the value of essential manhood; but, what is far more serious, it breeds the lowest form of the community—the crowd that goes to see others fight, always a low tribe.

It is true that the fittest survive in the mighty struggle for life. The Best are the Fittest. But—mark the law!—it is not the individual that survives to attain the mastery, but the race. Thus, even if you were the most exclusive and aristocratic of apes, tracing your lineage to the first ape—nay, even to your uttermost beginnings in the ooze, you would go under the heel of, and become subject to, the most rude bucolic community of men; and this, though ape to man, you had the greater body's strength, the deeper conceit, the fiercer wish to slay. The master people must be strong of body; but it is not enough. If strength of body made the overlords of the world, then the lion and the tiger would have been overlord to man, and the negro would have overborne the white man. But man's brain wrought the knit brotherhood of the clan, and weapons and wondrous defence, and the science of war; so that the brute force of the lion and the tiger went down before the lesser brute force that was guided by higher cunning than theirs; and the brain's strength came to be above the body's strength; so that the fierce courage of Mahomet's black legions that charge out of the desert withers and they are mown down like grass before the level fire and the ordered volleys of the white troops.

But the cunning of the intellect is not enough. It is clear that a man may have giant's strength of body and be in brain a giant, and yet be an utter criminal; and were these forces to determine the position of the master race he would, as a matter of fact, reach the master place in proportion to his criminality and his ruthlessness. A race, then, may be strong of body and strong in cunning; but, foot to foot with such as are of the like strength of body and cunning, it will go down

before the overlordship of such as are strong in conduct, for the close-knit faith and trust of a race in its fellows must overthrow a race of which the members seek but their own individual advantage—conduct being one's relation to the others in the community. And he that has not discipline, he who debauches his powers and makes license of his body's gifts, and loosely scatters his brain's will, falls to inevitable disease of his faculties. His nerve grows weak, and the will, which is at the centre of life, grows enfeebled and melts to water, so that he arouses ill-will and contempt amongst his companions; and the enmity of the commonweal blots him out.

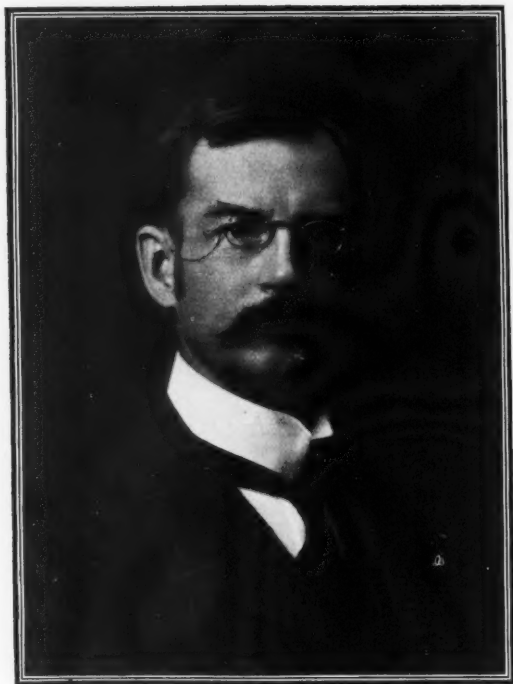
The master people, then, must be strong of thew, but stronger still in thinking, and stronger still in conduct and in will; but, even so, these are not enough, for the will that acts against the conscience becomes but a bully's strength, and will reel before it finish. It is through the conscience that man shall achieve purification in his search, which is the eternal search, for the godhood within him that leads to the fullest life. For instinct is the mystic centre of life, and conscience is the clean guide of instinct, to lead it to the mastery; and the conscience will get through where the unspurred body's strength would fail. That race will be the overlords of the earth which is spiritually the strongest, together with the strongest conscience and the strongest will to act its noblest instincts, in the strongest body, with the clearest intellect.

The master race may not ignore any of these sources of strength, and the failure of the one will lead to the weakening of the others. To the greatest race Life gives its force and its wisdom—not to the rich, but to the alert; not to the arrogant, but to the ready; not to the paltry and self-seeking after ease, but to the noble and the united and the strong, to the clean-hearted, the vigorous of soul. And they that fall away from the potentialities of the godhood that is in them fall below and take rank beneath, ac-

cording to the measure of their insignificance, breed by breed, nation by nation.

So that a people's strength shall be in the number of its splendid companions. Hate turns the blood to blackness and the will sour, and kills the body's clean nourishment; but the merry heart makes the body's health. The masterfolk have good-will for their breath, and are a jovial folk and bland. Your surly man of aloofness and of mystery deceives but himself and other fools—and the honour of fools is not worth the reaping. The masterfolk do not, in their secret aspirations, long that their companions may be less than they—the masterfolk seek companionship only with the masterfolk, and their pride is in the strength of their splendid companions. To pine for the strong man over them is the mark of the weakness of the slave-folk.

But if a man have not the strength for many companions, let him reject first the weakest—the vigorous of body before the resolute of will—the resolute of will before the upright in honour—the loyal last of all. For the spirit will go through the scorch of trial where the body would but burn. And Conan Doyle, in some vague measure, feels this mighty truth, even whilst he belauds and cries "Worry!" to the prize-fighter and the cunning within us. His historical romances are, in a fashion, more artistic in the phrasing than his Sherlock Holmes; but we forget them, they die out of the memory. It is in Sherlock Holmes that his repute will live. And Sherlock Holmes, for all his physical courage, for all his elaborate cunning, when the lust of fight is not upon him, for his recreation and his soul's stimulant has to fall back upon the hypodermic syringe and cocaine! So some mighty Clive conquers India and—drowns life in a drug bottle. So some Napoleon conquers the world and—fumes his life away in childish complaints in St. Helena. And so many a man who passes before our eyes to-day in conceit of intellect goes to a stealthy drowning of his genius in a wine-bottle.



HERBERT BROWN AMES

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. 53—HERBERT BROWN AMES

WE have very few representatives on this continent of a class which is, in some respects, the glory of England—men who have deliberately withdrawn from all commercial pursuits to devote themselves, through good or ill fortune, to public affairs. We have, of course, plenty of men—far too many, indeed—who make of politics a profession, expecting it to pay them handsome wages; but this class of person is as far removed from the public man of the British stamp as the free-booting "soldier of fortune" is from the patriotic volunteer. We have yet another class quite distinct from both of these; and that is the men who

have been gradually drawn into political life, its absorbing interest slowly weaning them away from their profession or business, and its incidental and entirely proper winnings sufficing for their needs. But these men have not chosen the public service until they were fairly assured of success therein, which means that they would not have devoted themselves to the public at all if they had chanced to espouse a cause which had its way yet to win.

But of quite a different character are the men who, while youth still offers them the choice of many doors into the world, deliberately enlist in the public service, without any guarantee that they will ever get so much

as a school trusteeship as a proof of their acceptance. This course is quite common among that section of the youth of England who are born without any need to give attention to the great bread-and-butter question. Obviously, it could not be taken by any lad who had his living to make. This at the outset debars nine-tenths, and more, of the people from choosing this service. I am one of those who think that the world would be better if this nine-tenths were not so debarred. I would like to see an economic condition under which every man would be so sure of his livelihood that he could give a great deal of attention to public affairs. But that condition does not now exist, and we have in its place an arrangement under which—let us say—nine-tenths of the young men must devote themselves almost wholly to making a living, while the other tenth are entirely freed—if they so desire—from that necessity.

In America the youth of this "gilded" tenth usually either play at amusing games all their lives, or else go in for making more "bread," which they cannot possibly eat, as a sort of hereditary game. In England, many of them, on the contrary, devote their lives to the State, either in the diplomatic service, in the army or navy, or in politics. Both of the great British parties are largely manned by recruits from this class. Wilberforce, battling against slavery for years without much encouragement, was such a man. So was Gladstone. But Cobden was not; and Chamberlain is not. British history is full of the brilliant services of men who did not enter politics by the golden path. I am not commending the system which creates this class; but I am simply saying that, given such a class, it is better to have them serve the State than "break" an automobile "record."

In Canada we hardly have the class yet; and it is encouraging to see one of the first members of it following the English model. Herbert Brown Ames found himself, when he emerged from college, the heir of the senior

partnership of a great shoe business. No young man ever had a better chance to go on making shoes and accumulating a bank account. But young Herbert Ames thought, looking over the matter with the uncommercial eye of youth, that he had—figuratively speaking—shoes enough. He calculated that he could not wear out all the "shoes" he had in stock if he kept afoot for the rest of his natural life; so it struck him as a good idea to stop making "shoes" and to try making something of himself.

I had the good fortune to come into contact with Mr. Ames at the very outset of his volunteer public service, when he was still on the defensive for having adopted such an extraordinary attitude toward his opportunity to make more "shoes" than he wanted. And he did not lack for hostile criticism. Many of his best friends thought that he was permitting the foolhardy enthusiasm of youth to lure him into a by-path where he would waste much precious time. But he was not to be discouraged. He resolved to answer criticism with results.

At that time municipal politics in Montreal was more like a comic opera than the sane business management of the affairs of a great city. The people were in a state ranging from exasperated despair to amused despair in proportion as they were "bled" for their compulsory seats at "the play." The press protested in the boldest of type; the people assembled and "viewed with alarm" the situation; but, when election day came around, respectable citizens long dead arose from their graves to vote for "the clique," and men journeyed all the way from California, Europe and Australia for the same noble purpose, and the "reformers" found themselves in the usual minority.

Just at this point young Mr. Ames decided to intervene. He drew about him a body of young men, who took the name of the Volunteer Electoral League, and who set out to see just what men had a right to vote in the city, and what they each looked like.

Great was the merriment at the City Hall! "The Boys' Brigade," "the Kindergarten" was welcomed to the field of battle with a shout of Homeric laughter from the veterans. But the volunteers went quietly to work, undertaking a house-to-house canvass in one of the fighting wards, where they undertook to see each voter and to jot down on a card a short personal description of him while they held him in conversation. As might be expected, this canvass was not without its humours. One of the members of the League was a public-spirited Japanese, who was no larger than his countrymen usually are, and who had a full share of their indomitable spirit. But, unfortunately, he mistook his instructions. He knew that the real purpose of his visit was to get the "personal description" card filled up, and he decided that the safest way to do this would be to ask each man what the colour of his eyes was, whether he were bald, what his personal peculiarities were, etc. The sequel showed, however, that safety was not the chief virtue of this method; for more than one big Irishman refused to submit to this catechising by a "heathen Chinese," and refused with vigour.

However, the canvass of the voters was completed; and two results followed. The names of the dead were reverently struck from the voters' lists, and the "personators" found on polling day that they could not pass the scrutineers armed with these cards. After the first encounter, the laughter at the City Hall was not quite so Homeric. The work of the League was extended; other wards were captured for the reform element; and finally a reform majority sat in the City Council.

A member of that majority was Ald. Ames; for in 1898 he stood for St. Antoine ward and was elected by an overwhelming vote. The Homeric laughter had not wholly disappeared even yet; but the two years' fighting in Council, put in by Ald. Ames before the final victory of the "reformers"

in 1900, successfully silenced it. This industrious, informed, aggressive alderman from the St. Antoine district, might be a "Y. M. C. A. young man," and might lack certain sorts of human sympathy, and might utterly fall short of being "one of the boys," but he could win elections, and probe schemes to the bottom, and talk out where prying newspaper men could hear him, and make a decided nuisance of himself generally.

But Mr. Ames did not confine himself to saving taxes for the tax-payer—though that would have been one man's job; he determined to break a lance against that grimmest monster of modern urban civilisation, "the slum." Concurrently with his work for municipal reform, he conducted a minute investigation into the social condition of the people who live in "the City below the Hill." Without going into the results of this enquiry, which were published serially at the time in the *Montreal Star*, we will simply refer to one of the outcomes of it—a group of model tenements built by Mr. Ames right in the heart of the district described. His motto was "Philanthropy and Five Per Cent." and he thinks that in this investment he is realising it—along with a far richer return in a consciousness of making life a little brighter for some whose outlook is cloudy enough. These buildings provide for 39 families, are built in the most sanitary manner, have a janitor on the premises to look after the garbage and all such things, and even have play-yards for the children. It is better, however, to read of model tenements than to see them. There are few things more disheartening to the man from a real home than their clean and ordered ugliness. Philanthropy will never take the place of economic justice which will enable every family to make its own home in its own way.

An insight into Mr. Ames's character may be obtained from the facts that he has been President of the Young Men's Christian Association and of the Montreal Christian En-

deavour Union. He is also a member of the Protestant Section of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction, and a Governor of the Montreal Dispensary. Always you feel that he is the typical "church layman" working in the world; and you could probably pay him no compliment that he would appreciate more keenly than the saying of just this. Still he has had a touch of business experience which stands him in good stead. He was for a while with his father's firm—Ames, Holden & Co.—and is now a director of the Great Western Life Insurance Co. and of the Dominion Guarantee Co., and a member of the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade. As a member of the Council of the Board of Trade, he had much to do with making the Chambers of Commerce Congress a success last summer; and this year he was enthusiastically received in Britain when in company with other delegates he "returned the call." The Canadians were in great demand at all sorts of public occasions, which suggests that it is rather a pity that our representative public men do not go over oftener. Lately he received

the Conservative Parliamentary nomination for the St. Antoine division of Montreal, and the high esteem in which he is held by the voters in that division makes him a strong candidate. He is a man whom the public trust. It has never been his plan to "jolly" his way into popularity; he has sought rather to win the confidence of the people, and in this he has succeeded. Still he is one of the most approachable of men, and has a wide circle of very close friends.

He is yet a young man. Born in 1863, he has just turned forty, and ought to have much before him. He has a delight in work, and will certainly take an effective part in the business of Parliament. Then he is high-principled without being impractical. He can take an honest stand in Parliament, and then can go in and win an election on the same lines. He is a living proof that elections can be "made with prayers"—if we take "prayers" to mean honest methods, determined vigilance in protecting the ballot, and entire trust to the patriotic good sense of the people.

Albert R. Carman

ON THE JOURNEY*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



SINCE leaving Cannes the carriage had been full, and being all acquainted, we conversed together. As we passed Tarascon some one said, "It is here the murders happen." And we began to talk of that mysterious assassin who had never been caught, and who, from time to time

during the last two years, had offered up to himself some traveller's life. Every one hazarded suppositions, every one gave his opinion; the women looked shiveringly at the sombre night behind the panes, fearing to see the head of a man show suddenly in the doorway. And we began to tell dreadful stories of terrible adventures, of

* Copyrighted in the United States by Harper and Brothers. Maupassant, like Zola, is of the naturalist school of French writers. He is one of those who attempted to study man and life as they are, to paint people exactly as they appear, selecting of course such phases of life as have dramatic interest. They desired to put Romanticism and Idealism behind them and to show where society stands and whither it tends. Maupassant was a nephew of Flaubert, one of the first of this school. He was born in 1850 and died in 1893. In early life he was apparently strong and robust, but later he fought with insanity and death. This fight made his work somewhat gruesomely pessimistic and realistic. Nevertheless as a maker of compact phrases, as a master of concise diction, as a finished stylist he is one of the greatest of nineteenth century novelists. His short stories were originally published in sixteen volumes, while his novels are eight in number.

some tête-à-tête with a madman in an express, of hours passed opposite suspicious-looking persons, quite alone.

All the men had stories "on their honour," all had intimidated, knocked down and choked some malefactor in surprising circumstances, and with admirable boldness and presence of mind. A physician, who passed each winter in the south, wished in his turn to tell a tale.

"I," said he, "have never had a chance to try my courage in an affair of that sort, but I knew a woman, one of my patients, who is now dead, to whom there happened the strangest thing in the world, and also the most mysterious and the most affecting.

"She was a Russian, the Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You all know how beautiful the Russian women are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us, with their fine nostrils, with their delicate mouths, with their eyes of an indefinable colour—a sort of blue-gray, set close together—and with that grace of theirs which is cold and a little hard. They have about them something naughty and seductive, something haughty and gentle, something tender and severe, which is altogether charming to a Frenchman. It is perhaps, however, only the difference of race and type which makes us see so much.

"For several years her doctor had perceived that she was threatened with a malady of the chest, and had been trying to induce her to go to the south of France, but she had obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. Finally, last autumn, the physician gave her up as lost and so informed her husband, who at once ordered his wife to leave for Mentone.

"She took the train, alone in her carriage, her servants occupying another compartment. She leaned against the doorway, a little sad, watching the country and the passing villages, feeling herself in life so lonely, so abandoned, without children, almost without relatives, with a husband whose love was dead, and who,

not coming with her, had just thrown her off to the end of the world as he would send to the hospital a valet who was sick.

"At each station her body-servant, Ivan, came to ask if anything was wanted by his mistress. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to carry out any order which she might give.

"The night fell, the train rolled onward at full speed. She was much unstrung; she could not sleep. Suddenly she took the idea of counting the money which her husband had given her at the last moment, in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied the shining flood of metal upon her knees.

"But all of a sudden a breath of cold air struck her in the face. She raised her head in surprise. The door had just swung open. The Countess Marie, in desperation, brusquely threw a shawl over the money which was spread upon her knees, and waited. Some seconds passed, then a man appeared, bare-headed, wounded in the hand, panting, in evening dress. He shut the door again, sat down, looked at his neighbour with glittering eyes, then wrapped a handkerchief round his wrist, from which the blood was flowing." The young countess felt herself grow weak with fright. This man had certainly seen her counting her gold, and he was come to murder and to rob.

"He kept staring at her, breathless, his face convulsed, ready, no doubt, to make a spring.

"He said, suddenly: 'Have no fear, madame!'

"She answered nothing, being unable to open her mouth, hearing her heart beat and her ears hum.

"He continued: 'I am not a criminal, madame.'

"She still said nothing, but, in a brusque movement which she made, her knees came close together, and her gold began to flow down upon the carpet as water flows from a gutter.

"The man, surprised, looked at this rivulet of metal, and suddenly he stooped to pick up the money.

"She rose in a mad fright, casting

all her treasure to the ground, and she ran to the door to throw herself out upon the track. But he understood what she was about to do, rushed forward, caught her in his arms, made her sit down by force, and holding her wrists. 'Listen, madame, I am not a criminal, and the proof is that I am going to pick up this money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you can help me to cross the frontier. I cannot tell you more. In one hour we shall be at the last Russian station; in one hour and twenty minutes we shall pass the boundary of the empire. If you do not rescue me I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything against my honour. I swear it to you. I cannot tell you more.'

"And getting down on his knees, he picked up the gold, looking even for the last pieces which had rolled far under the seats. Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he returned it to his neighbour without adding a word, and again he went and sat in the other corner of the carriage.

"They no longer stirred, either one or the other. She remained motionless and dumb, still fainting with terror, then little by little growing more at ease. As for him, he did not make a gesture, a movement; he sat straight, his eyes fastened before him, very pale as though he had been dead. From time to time she looked at him suddenly, and as suddenly looked away. He was a man about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of a gentleman.

"The train ran through the darkness, cast rending cries across the night, sometimes slackened its pace, then went off again at full speed. But suddenly it slowed, whistled several times, and stopped.

"Ivan appeared at the door to get his orders.

"The Countess Marie, with a trembling voice, considered her strange companion for the last time, then said to her servant, with a brusque voice:

"Ivan, you are to return to the Count; I have no more need of you.'

"The man, speechless, opened his enormous eyes. He stammered: 'But —Barine!'

"She continued:

"No, you are not to come; I have changed my mind. I desire that you remain in Russia. Here is money to return. Give me your cap and your cloak.'

"The old servant, quite bewildered, bared his head and held out his cloak. He always obeyed without reply, being well accustomed to the sudden wishes and the irresistible caprices of his masters. And he withdrew, the tears in his eyes.

"The train went on, running towards the frontier.

"Then the Countess Marie said to her neighbour:

"These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I add only one condition to what I do: it is that you shall never speak to me, that you shall not address me a single word, either to thank me or for any purpose whatever.'

"The unknown bowed without uttering a word.

"Very soon they came to a stop once more, and officials in uniform visited the train. The Countess offered them papers, and pointing to the man seated at the back of the carriage:

"My servant, Ivan. Here is his passport.'

"The train went on.

"During the whole night they remained in tête-à-tête, both silent.

"In the morning when they stopped at a German station, the unknown got down; then, standing straight in the door-way: 'Forgive my breaking my promise, madame; but I have deprived you of your servant, it is right that I should fill his place. Have you need of anything?'

"She answered coldly:

"Go and find my maid.'

"He went to do so, then disappeared.

"When she got out of the carriage at some restaurant or other, she perceived him from a distance looking at her. They reached Mentone."

The doctor was silent a second, then resumed:

"One day as I was receiving my patients in my office, I saw enter a tall young fellow, who said to me:

" 'Doctor, I come to ask news about the Countess Marie Baranow. I am, although she does not know me, a friend of her husband.'

"I replied:

" 'She is doomed. She will never go back to Russia.'

"And the man suddenly commenced to sob, then he got up and went out, reeling like a drunkard.

"The same night I told the countess that a stranger had come to inquire from me about her health. She seemed moved, and told me all the story which I have just told you. She added:

" 'That man, whom I do not know at all, now follows me like my shadow; I meet him every time I go out; he looks at me after a strange fashion, but he has never spoken.'

"She reflected, then added:

" 'See, I would wager he is under my windows.'

"She left her easy chair, went to pull back the curtains, and, sure enough, she showed me the man who had come to see me, now seated there on a bench upon the promenade, his eyes lifted towards the hotel. He perceived us, rose, and went off without once turning his head.

"And from that time forward I assisted at a surprising and sorrowful thing—at the silent love of these two beings who did not even know one another.

"He loved her with the affection of an animal who has been saved, and who is grateful and devoted unto death. He came each day to see me: 'How is she?' understanding that I had divined the secret. And he cried when he had seen her pass each day feebler and paler.

"She said to me:

" 'I have spoken but a single time to that strange man, and it seems to me as if I had known him for twenty years.'

"And when they met, she would re-

turn his bow with a grace and charming smile. I could see that she was happy—she, the abandoned, the doomed—I could see that she was happy to be loved like this, with such respect and such constancy, with such exaggerated poetry, with this devotion which was ready for all things. And notwithstanding, faithful to her mystical resolve, she wildly refused to receive him, to know his name, to speak with him. She said: 'No, no, that would spoil for me this curious friendship. We must remain strangers one to the other.'

"As for him, he also was certainly a kind of Don Quixote, because he made no attempt to approach her. He meant to keep to the end the absurd promise of never speaking, which he had made her in the railway carriage.

"Often during her weary hours of weakness she rose from her long chair and went to open the curtains a little way to see if he was there beneath her window. And when she had seen him, always motionless upon his bench, she went back and lay down with a smile upon her lips.

"She died one day about ten o'clock. As I was leaving the hotel he came up to me with a distracted face; he had already heard the news.

" 'I should like to see her for one second in your presence,' said he.

"I took him by the arm and went back into the house.

"When he was before the couch of the dead he seized her hand and kissed it with an endless kiss, then escaped like a madman."

The doctor again was silent; then continued:

"This is certainly the strangest railway adventure that I know of. It must also be said that the men take sometimes the wildest freaks."

A woman murmured, half aloud:

"Those two people were not as crazy as you think. They were—they were—"

But she could not speak further, she was crying so. As we changed the conversation to calm her, we never knew what she had wished to say.



THE RECHRISTENING OF DIABLO

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.

THE Maharaja of Darwaza was tired of crocks. He said so himself, and when the Raja spoke it was law; also, if anyone contradicted him it was—the deuce. By "crocks" he didn't mean pickle-jars, he meant broken-down race-horses.

He had been a fair mark for every racing officer in the land. When a high-priced nag threw a splint, split a hoof, or went wrong in his wind, he was sold to Darwaza as a special favour at a fair, generous price. The result was that he had a rare collection of antiquities in horse-flesh.

Yearly he gave a cup at the big meet in Calcutta; and yearly he failed to win any sort of a cup himself.

He was a Maharaja with a string on. The British really ran his Raj through the resident Political Agent. So, relieved of most of the executive drudgery of a boss monarch, he had nothing to do but play at being king. Racing is the sport of kings, so naturally the Raja played the game after an expensive fashion. He had considerable fun at it, but, as I have said, little loot, for he won nothing.

Of course he had a high-priced trainer, a man resembling a cocktail in his genealogical make-up. Irish, Scotch and English had contributed their quota, and the result was Drake—"Dumpy" Drake, as he was called. The only distinctive national trait that had survived the evolution of Drake was an elliptical English form of speech.

Each year, when the Maharaja said they must win the Cooch Behar Cup, or the Durbungha, the Ballygunge, or

some other cup, "Dumpy" would look through the equine bric-à-brac and report on the possibilities. Why the report should come as a surprise to the Raja was not understandable, for it was monotonous in its annual sameness. The Kicker couldn't be trained—his feet wouldn't stand it; Ring was only fit for the stud; Diablo's temper was worse than ever—the stable-boy had to feed him through a hole in the wall now; Silver King had liver; and so on, through the whole list, running into the hundreds, there was a black mark against every name.

The Raja had been educated at Eton. He had also attained to other bits of learning in divers quarters, so he could give expression to his astonishment and indignation in very aristocratic Hindoo-English.

"Dumpy," who was more or less of a linguist on occasion himself, used to retire from this annual cyclonic interview with a perilous regard for the higher forms of education.

That was pretty much the state of things the year Darwaza set his heart on winning the "Pattialla Cup." Raja Pattialla, who had only been racing a short time, had won two of his cups; so why in the name of all the Hindoo Pantheon should he not annex one of Pattialla's mugs to grace his Darwaza palace?

He asked "Dumpy" about it. Drake ran his fingers meditatively through his hair as he stood before the Raja, cap in hand, as if he might, by some peculiar physical method quicken the thought-germ into life, and bring forth a goodly idea.

"It's no good buyin' a 'orse from hany the hoficers, yer 'ighness," he said.

"No," replied Darwaza, his impenetrable Indian face showing nothing of the strong things that were working in him over "Dumpy's" remark. "We must always buy horses from them, but not to win races, eh?"

"Dumpy" passed over this observation judiciously, for sometimes when these same horses were sold, a commission dropped from the clouds, and was found on his dining-table in the shape of a big bag of rupees.

"Yer 'ighness might send to Haus-tralia for a cup 'orse."

"We tried that twice," answered the Raja. "One year the man we sent blew in the 'oof' on the Melbourne Cup, and we never saw man, horse or money again. The other time we got two horses, and between the two they couldn't furnish four sound legs."

The Raja saw that "Dumpy" was thinking. This was usually a laborious operation, eating up much time, but Darwaza had the patience pertaining to the Orient, so he waited.

At last spoke the trainer, "If Diablo would gallop, yer 'ighness, there's nothin' in the land would stand afore 'im."

"Which nag is that, trainer? Can't remember to have seen him. Didn't know we had a fast horse in the stables."

"Don't think yer 'ighness never saw 'im. We bought 'im from Major Gooch. 'E's never run much."

"Well, I don't want to see him if he's like that. I hate the sight of the whole imperial lot. But can't you do anything with him?"

"No, yer 'ighness. There never was but one who could ride 'im: Captain Frank Johnson. He rode 'im for Major Gooch."

"Then he'll never gallop for me if he waits for Captain Frank," said the Raja, with fine English decisiveness.

"Dumpy" knew that; he knew that Johnson's caustic-tipped tongue had laid into Raja Darwaza at the Rawal

Pindi durbar over some fancied racing grievance.

"Diablo's turned reg'lar cannibal, too, yer 'ighness; e'd rather heat a man nor gallop hunder 'im."

"What has he been doing now, Trainer Drake?"

"Heaten the harm hof the ridin' boy, yer 'ighness. Pulled 'im hout o' the saddle this mornin', hand shook 'im like Nipper would a rat."

"That's bad," remarked the Raja. "I don't want the people eaten up by my horses; it's bad enough for them to get mauled when we're out after tiger."

"What'll I do with 'im, yer 'ighness?" asked "Dumpy."

"What do we do with an elephant when he gets bad, Drake?"

"Tie 'im by the 'ind leg to a tree, yer 'ighness, hand leave 'im to think hit hover. But that won't do Diablo no good. We've tried starvin' 'im, hand heverythink helse."

"What happens the *hathi* when he's *real* bad?"

"'E gits shot, yer 'ighness."

"Well, you now know what to do with this son of Lucifer; you can arrange the details."

When "Dumpy" left His Highness he had every intention of carrying out the king's order about Diablo, but he got thinking about Captain Johnson, and the longer his mind plodded along on that road, the clearer he saw his way to doing a stroke of business. Also he would be a humanitarian. It would be a sin to shoot a fine, up-standing English horse, whose grand-sire had won a Derby. Why not sell him to Captain Frank?—that was the goal his mind arrived at. It stood like a huge, white-washed fence at the end of this lane of thought; he could see nothing else. There was no need of bothering the Raja any more about it.

Now Captain Frank was down at Lucknow, two hundred miles away; but that didn't matter—in fact it was all the better; if he could make the sale Diablo would be that much farther off.

That night Drake took the train for Lucknow, to bury a cousin of his wife's.

"Dumpy" had not had native servants for years without learning something of Eastern diplomacy.

Of course they made a deal. One doesn't want a fancy price for a horse that's got to be shot. And Captain Frank's mouth had long watered for Diablo; for he knew just how good a horse he was, and could get that good out of him.

"I want you to change his name," the trainer said to Captain Frank.

"What for?" queried the captain.

"Family reasons," answered Drake.

"My grandmother hobjects to 'is name."

"'Dumpy,' you're fat, and your brain lies deep," remarked Johnson, pleasantly; "and to relieve the sensitiveness of your maternal ancestor, I'll call him The Dove. Do you think that will please the old lady?"

"Hi'm sure she'll be satisfied," said the trainer, shoving Captain Frank's cheque in his pocket.

"I'll change it in the right way, though," continued the captain. "It'll cost me twenty-five rupees to give the Calcutta stewards notice of the change. I'll have to run him at some small meeting as The Dove, late Diablo, and after that your ancestress will sleep easier."

Drake went back to Darwaza with a thousand rupees in his pocket, and the feeling that he had saved the life of a good horse—good as far as speed went, but devilish bad as regards temper.

On his return he found the Raja bubbling over with a scheme to get a good horse. The plan was simple—simple for a king, who had the means to carry it out.

He would give the "Darwaza Ruby" as a prize for a race to be run at the Calcutta meeting. The race would be a very swell affair; and also it would test the staying powers of the horses entered. A mile and three-quarters on the flat was the thing, the Raja declared; no sprint for him. There would be no entrance fees, absolutely nothing. The winner would take the ruby, worth at least twenty

thousand rupees; and all Darwaza claimed was the right to buy the first, or any other horse in the race at an outside limit of twenty thousand rupees.

"It'll bring out a big field," he said to the trainer; "and the horses dicky on their pins will never stay the distance, for the ground will be as hard as a bone then. It'll be a straight-run race—they'll go for the ruby. And even if I think the best horse hasn't won, I can claim him, you see."

It was a unique way of getting a good horse; quite Napoleonic in its subtle strategy; and it looked all right.

Certainly the horses in Darwaza's stable at that time had cost him the price of twenty rubies, and he hadn't a beast fit to start at a "sky meeting."

That was in October. The Raja would have his race, the "Darwaza Ruby Trials" run at the first Calcutta meeting in December. All the good horses would be there, and the ruby would bring out a good field.

The "Pattialla Cup" would be run for at the second Calcutta meeting, January 20th, so if he got a good horse by means of this plan he could certainly win the coveted cup.

The Raja's secretary corresponded with the Calcutta stewards, and the announcement of the new race was published broadcast—on the notice boards, in *The Asian*, the racing calendar—in fact, everywhere. It opened up a pleasing vista to the eyes of racing men on the *qui vive* for that charmingly illusive thing known as a "soft snap."

The scale of weight was very simple. A handicap would give a poor horse the same chance of winning as a good one; so Darwaza would none of that. Catchweights over 8 stone 7, was what he said; and let the best horse win.

When Captain Frank heard of it he whistled softly to himself and went and winked at Diablo. The horse laid his ears back on his neck, and put both hind feet through the side of his stall, in an ineffectual effort to brush the captain to one side.

"You're feeling good enough to run a mile and three-quarters, my buck," said Johnson, looking admiringly at

the great glossy quarters of the horse. Then he went in beside Diablo, and twisted his ear good and hard. "That's for kicking, my beauty," he said; "now behave."

The horse curled his lip and turned his head away in disdain, but he didn't kick any more. That was why Frank could ride him—the horse knew Johnson wasn't afraid of him; and when a horse knows that you can do anything with him.

Other owners went and looked at their horses too, when they heard of Darwaza's good thing. They looked, and their souls watered in sweetened anticipation of the big ruby and the twenty thousand that might be won in the matter of about three minutes ten seconds of hard galloping.

Darwaza was after a good horse, while the owners were after that ruby and purse.

Lord Dick really had a great chance. In his string was an English horse, Badger, strong of limb and good of wind. He would carry this tidy weight, 8 stone 7, and gallop from start to finish of the mile and three-quarters.

Lord Dick said to himself, "I'll *puckerow* [catch] that ruby, and get twenty thousand for Badger."

Captain Frank looked at Diablo meditatively. "I must hurry up and get your name changed, old man; not that it makes any *great* difference, for it's a free for all."

So Diablo went through his little rechristening race, and henceforth was known as The Dove.

From October to December 20th were months of peace. Darwaza solicited aid from both sides of the godhead, Christian and Hindoo, to help do up Pattialla. "Dumpy" put on ten pounds of fat through the soul-cheering thought of the immediate prospect of getting the best horse in India in his hands.

Captain Frank went the length of securing a passage home in a P. & O. sailing for England in January. "If I pull off that forty thousand," he thought, "I'll go home and see what they're doing on the turf there."

Lord Dick wrote to England arranging for a horse to replace Badger at £500.

So you see everybody was going to do well out of the "Darwaza Ruby." It was really a good thing.

One day "Dumpy" Drake's share of the peace carnival was destroyed; he lost seven pounds weight that day. It was Captain Frank's entrance of The Dove for the "Darwaza Ruby" that caused this disaster. "With Johnson hup 'e'll win, hand Hi shall be ruined," whispered "Dumpy" to himself. "'is 'ighness'll fire me sure," and indeed for days he was very unhappy.

Then something came his way. By the purest fluke in the world he learned that Captain Frank had backed a note for a friend. An avaricious Hindoo money-lender held the note, and Cashmere held the friend. He was there shooting.

"Dumpy" was not exactly a quick thinker, but, as Johnson had remarked in banter, he was deep. So he went to the money-lender and toasted him on his tender side—his fear of losing the amount of the note for ever and ever.

"This sahib who's gone to Cashmere," said "Dumpy," "'asn't ha bloomin' rupee to 'is name. 'E howes a *lackh* of debt; besides 'e's hin Cashmere where the law can't touch 'im. Captain Johnson's hin Calcutta, hand 'e's booked ha passage for 'ome," and Drake showed the money-lender Johnson's name in the newspaper's list of engaged passages.

"*Husoor*," cried the Hindoo, "these sahibs of evil descent, who scatter rupees as a *bheesti* throws, will ruin me."

"Hof course they will," affirmed "Dumpy."

"Tell me," begged the money-lender, "you who are my friend, tell me what I shall do."

"*Puckerow* [catch] Johnson sahib afore 'e gets hof 'ome," said Drake, decisively; "hand keep 'im hin jail till 'e pays hup. You can do that heasy; hall you've got to do his swear 'e's leavin' the country."

"That'll stop 'im," thought the trainer to himself, as he left the Hindoo. "If they coop Captain Frank hup, nobody helse can ride The Dove. Hi 'ate to do hit, for hit's clear dirty, but Hi can't 'ave 'im ruinin' me. There's nobody down Calcutta way knows 'im well enough to pay five thousand to keep 'im hof the *Thanna*."

That was why Captain Frank got a pleasant surprise the day before the race for the "Darwaza Ruby." He had been riding The Dove in all his work, and felt sure that the same gem was all but in his pocket.

As I have said, the day before the race the unexpected happened. Frank was having his bath at his hotel, when his bearer came and said, "Sahib wanting to see master."

"Give him my salaams and a drink," answered the Captain, "and tell him to sit down for a minute."

When Frank came back to his room he was greeted by a gentleman who was most effusively polite.

"He was awfully sorry—painful duty, sir—no doubt the Captain would arrange it satisfactorily—"

"What the devil are you driving at?" asked Captain Frank, blandly.

Well—well, the truth, the unpleasant truth, was that he had a warrant for the gallant Captain's arrest on account of that note he had backed in Lucknow.

The captain's argument was somewhat erratic. The Hindoo was a blood-sucking Jew—his friend was an officer and a gentleman naturally, and would pay the note as soon as he returned from his hunting expedition in Cashmere. It was an outrage, and the Hindoo money-lender was the unregenerate offspring of low-caste animals.

The bailiff admitted that this was probably all quite true; in fact, speaking from his own varied experience, he was almost certain it was. But, at the same time, the little informality of his friend, not having paid the note before he left, had placed Captain Frank in this awful predicament. The law did not look much at the anteced-

ents of the contracting parties in a case of this kind.

"Oh, damn the law!" said Captain Frank, irritably; "it's a blundering, bull-headed thing, anyway."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the patient, polite bailiff; "but you can arrange this matter easily by paying the amount, or depositing it; and when your friend comes back you can settle the matter between you."

It was very simple, according to the bailiff; but to Frank it appeared to be no end of a mess. He'd have to pay the other man's bill or lose the Darwaza ruby.

The Calcutta law firm issuing the writ had attached a polite note, asking the captain to call at their office to arrange the matter. Pay or deposit the amount.

Now Captain Johnson banked at Lucknow; this he explained to the bailiff.

"That's nothing," remarked the latter. "Come over to Bang and Cox's, and through them wire to your banker."

Everything was so simple—with the bailiff. Together they went to Bang and Cox's; in fact, from that moment forth until the money-lender was paid off Frank and the bailiff would be together, the latter explained politely.

Through the solicitors the arranged-for telegram was sent. Now "Dumpy's" depth of wisdom had extended even to this eventuality, and because of divers reasons, for which he was responsible, the telegram brought forth nothing, not even a reply.

While they were waiting for the answer Frank entertained the bailiff. He was really a good fellow, and it wasn't his fault; but he stuck to his man as closely as Victor Hugo's policeman did to Jean Valjean. They drank together and they smoked together. Captain Frank had visionary ideas of putting the bailiff under the table by generous hospitality, but he gave it up just in time to save himself utter annihilation; the bailiff was a strong-headed man.

He had to give The Dove a gallop

that afternoon, as a final preparation for his struggle on the morrow.

"Most certainly, it was quite in order," only the bailiff would accompany him, that was all. When they returned no doubt the matter would have been all arranged.

Of course the bailiff couldn't stick close to Johnson when he got on The Dove's back. He was thinking over this point while Frank was preparing to mount. As soon as the captain was in the saddle, and The Dove commenced to pick holes in the atmosphere with his feet, it became a certainty with him.

"I'll take your word not to clear out," he said, and sat down where he wouldn't interfere with the horse.

When they got back to Bang and Cox's office they found things just as they had left them. It was depressing, this ominous silence of the wires.

"What if we don't hear from there at all?" asked Johnson, apprehensively.

"I'm afraid—you'll have to accompany our friend here to the Queen's Hotel [jail], captain," answered Mr. Bang. "But why not get somebody to go security for the amount?" continued the lawyer, inquiringly; "that's simple."

"Yes, everything's infernally simple, according to you fellows," drawled Captain Frank; "but it seems to me I'm the only simple thing in it. You see," he continued thoughtfully, "I hardly know a soul that's good enough—unless it's Lord Dick."

"The very man!" ejaculated Bang, brightening up. "Just step over to Government House with your friend here and get him to endorse your cheque for five thousand."

Now Lord Dick was one of the best little men ever put together—muscles, head, heart and all; so as soon as Captain Frank told him his trouble Lord Dick said blithely: "Cert', my boy! I'll soon straighten that out."

And he did. "Barrackdale" written across the cheque settled the whole business.

Johnson didn't say anything about The Dove to Lord Dick—which was

diplomatic. Neither did Lord Dick mention the horse, which was unfortunate—for him. But then The Dove had never shown any form Badger couldn't give pounds to.

Next day the Darwaza Ruby Cup was the event. There had been many entries for it, and quite a dozen starters went to the post. Lord Dick rode his own horse, Badger, and of course Captain Frank piloted the diabolical son of Lucifer. Frank knew that it wasn't a question of speed at all; it was only a matter of temper on the part of The Dove. If he ran kindly there was nothing else in it; if the horse sulked Johnson would have a good view of the race from the rear.

Darwaza was as much interested as any native prince ever becomes in anything. It's not consistent with the ancient traditions of their lineage to appear to care two straws what happens, so that he sat in considerable state up in the grand stand, and watched the twelve more or less good horses cotillon up and down the course in front of the stand in the preliminary show off. A dozen good racing men and true had assured him that Badger would win, so the slight interest he evinced was directed toward Lord Dick's handsome bay.

"Dumpy" was watching, with a beating heart, Captain Frank on the Raja's cast-off. If he should win—it was too horrible to think of. He piously invoked heavenly help to avert that disaster.

They were soon away to a good start. Even when the shout went up "They're off!" Darwaza paid little attention. It wasn't kingly to do so, you know; but all the same no movement of the many coloured silk jackets escaped his full, dark eyes—he saw it all.

The Dove had been shaking his head viciously from side to side at the start, throwing flecks of foam all over his glossy dark skin and the black jacket of his rider. "Steady, you devil!" commanded Captain Frank, giving him a full pressure with his knees in the ribs by way of authority.

And so he galloped, stubbornly, sticking his toes in the hard earth like a proper pig, and almost bucking Frank out of the saddle with his vicious, short, pony jumps.

Johnson had all the qualifications of a good rider, of which "common sense" is the greatest, so he didn't bustle the horse, but let him think that he liked it—that it was just what he had expected of him. "He'll get lonesome," he muttered, "when the others begin to leave him."

It was that way all round the back of the course.

Badger, moving like a beautiful piece of mechanism, was well up with the leaders, lying handy for a rush to the front when the proper time should come.

The Dove was last, there could be no doubt about that, for a good three lengths of daylight shone between him and the nearest horse. Still Johnson made no effort. There was plenty of time yet, he knew, before they had covered the mile and three-quarters, so be it The Dove took it in his head to gallop.

But it looked as though the horse meant to cut it for the whole length of the race. Half a mile from home he was still last, but his rider sat quietly and nursed the iron mouth of the sulky brute with a gentle bit.

As they passed the old race-stand, three furlongs from the finish, something happened. It occurred to The Dove that his master wanted him back there, and he set the bit hard against his bridle-teeth, and, straightening his neck rigid as an iron bar, laid his ears back and galloped as though a thousand bees were bustling his hind quarters.

Captain Frank braced his face to the cutting wind and laid his body close down over the working withers of the mad animal. He carried the horse wide on the outside at the corner; it wouldn't do to get pocketed near the rail with a sour-tempered brute like The Dove—he would give up running and take to savaging the others.

He was going at a terrific pace. One

by one they commenced to drop by him as he tore around the turn and into the straight. Then three dropped back in a bunch, looking as though they were standing still. Ahead of him still was Badger, and two others hanging to the leader's quarters. As Johnson overhauled them rapidly a mighty shout went up from the stand. A babel of voices were shouting: "What's that dark horse coming?" "It's The Dove—he'll win in a walk! Lord, look at him gallop!"

Frank was muttering to himself, "If he'll only stick it to the end." The Dove was thinking, "I'm running away. He wants to keep me back there with the others, but I'll show them—bur-r-r!" That was the clamping of the bit against the hard white of his ivory teeth.

And he *did* show them. Never had such a gallop been seen on the Calcutta course. He won by a clear length from Badger.

Lord Dick thought he had the race well in hand toward the finish, and was trying to remember just what they had heard the ruby was worth when the thunder of vicious pounding hoofs struck on his ear. Before he could pull Badger together for a supreme effort something dark swept by him like a cloud on the outside and won.

The horse ran a quarter of a mile before Frank could pull him up. When he rode back to the scales to weigh in Lord Dick was there. He saw Johnson as he dismounted and a look of blank, utter amazement came into his placid, blue eyes.

"*You*, Johnson! nipped me on the post! I wish to God I had let you go to jail; then I'd have got this infernal Darwaza ruby."

It had taken a kingly effort on the part of Darwaza to keep from shouting when the gallant brown flashed past the judges' stand. Never had he seen such a horse in his life—never.

"Secure him at once," he said to his secretary. And turning to the trainer added, "Eh, Drake, we want that fellow in our stable."

"Dumpy" was paralysed; he could

say nothing. He kept feeling his neck, to see if it were not already broken; they would hang him sure.

Now it had happened that the Raja had not recognized The Dove as Diablo, neither had he heard any man say that The Dove had ever been known as Diablo; so, when the secretary came back and told him Captain Johnson didn't want to sell the horse as he thought he might not suit His Highness, Darwaza himself went down to see about it.

He settled the matter in his own imperious way. "Examine that horse," he said to a veterinary surgeon.

When the latter reported the horse sound as a bell he said: "That settles it; I claim him for twenty thousand rupees."

"Dumpy" was quaking in his shoes. Then, when he saw that the Maharajah did not recognise the horse, hope rose

in his breast, and it occurred to him that with Frank's help they might yet win that Pattialla Cup that Darwaza wanted so much.

To the Maharajah he spoke thus: "Your 'ighness, this 'orse we've got has halso hof han hevill temper, but hif yer 'ighness will consent to request Captain Johnson to ride 'im yer sure hof the Pattialla Cup now."

To be a good enemy with a man he didn't like was a pleasant thing to the Raja—a proper thing; but to win the Pattialla Cup was also a great thing—a greater, for there he played against a king, you see—Raja Pattialla. So it was all arranged that way. Captain Frank rode The Dove for Darwaza and won the Pattialla Cup in grand style.

That night there was much Darwaza enthusiasm in India; also many battalions of empty champagne bottles lying dead on the field of battle next morning.



TO IZAAK WALTON

BY JOHN HENDERSON

A mind contented was thy earthly dower
Amid the shifting scenes of days of old;
Far richer thou than Cræsus with his gold,
More bless'd than Cæsar with imperial power.
Though party strife distracted hall and bower,
And death had claimed the firstlings of thy fold,
Thou hadst the faith that never waneth cold;
Thy life was fragrant as a summer shower.

A rippling current on the quiet Lea,
Or shady pool upon the crystal Wye,
More precious was than power and pelf to thee,
Where trout and grayling nimbly took the fly.
O master, thou this lesson hast for me:
In sweet tranquillity our pleasures lie.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NOVA SCOTIA

By JAMES HANNAY, D.C.L.



THE recent celebrations at Annapolis, N.S., St. John, N.B., and St. Croix Island, connected with the names of De Monts and Champlain, have directed the attention of the people of Canada to a portion of the Dominion whose romantic history is but little known or understood outside its immediate boundaries. Yet this history is well worthy of our attention, not only by reason of the human interest which attaches to it, but also because of the manner in which it illustrates certain phases in the history of Europe and the great movements which stirred the civilised world at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The continent of North America was discovered by the Cabots in 1497; the Basque and Breton fishermen were engaged in their arduous work on the coast of Nova Scotia as early as 1504, yet one hundred years were suffered to elapse before any attempt was made by either France or England to form a settlement on these shores which they both claimed by right of discovery. Why was it that while Spain and Portugal were engaged in gathering the riches of South America the larger and more important continent was neglected by the two energetic nations which were destined in after years to control its destinies? We must look for the solution of this problem in the religious struggles which took place in France and England during the sixteenth century, and which so profoundly affected the political life of both countries. When these struggles were ended, or had ceased to be acute, the nations were in a position to begin the grand work of colonising North America.

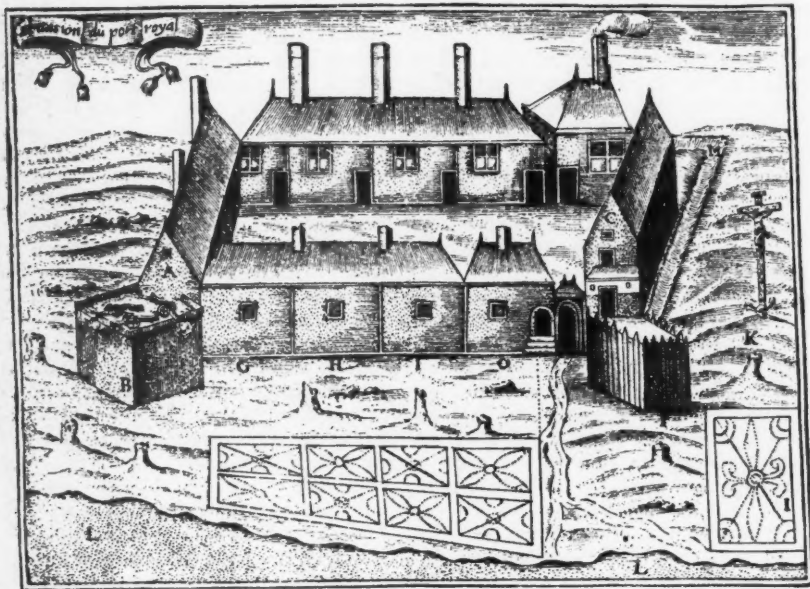
The Government of Canada has made an appropriation for the erection of a monument to De Monts at Annapolis within the grounds of the old fort there, which was founded almost three

centuries ago. This is eminently proper because De Monts was the originator and leader of the expedition which formed the first settlement in Acadia of which Port Royal or Annapolis was so long the capital. Yet some of the men who accompanied him to Acadia such as Champlain, Poutrincourt and Pontgrave are entitled to share with him the glory of that great enterprise. De Monts was undoubtedly a man of vigour and capacity or he would not have been able to obtain from Henry IV such extensive powers over half a continent as were given to him by that able king. He was attached to the person of the monarch as one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, so that the king had the best possible opportunity of studying his character and estimating his ability. We have also another means of judging De Monts in the character of the men he selected to accompany him and the very elaborate preparations which he made for his expedition. It was equipped in a manner which should have insured its success, and which would have done so but for the unfortunate Cabals in France which resulted in depriving De Monts of his authority and caused him to sever his connexion with Acadia.

Of the men who accompanied De Monts to Acadia Champlain was by far the most eminent, although of lower rank than either Poutrincourt or Pontgrave. The Province of Quebec claims Champlain as the founder of that colony, yet it is well to remember that Champlain had previously assisted to found a colony in Acadia. Champlain was a man who deservedly stands very high in the estimation of students of history. He was an ideal type of explorer, bold, sagacious, careful and zealous, filled with a strong desire to extend the possessions of his country and an even stronger desire to convert the savages to the Christian religion. His position in the expedition was that

of pilot and sailing master, and he was also charged with the duty of making charts of the places and coasts he visited. How well this work was done may be seen by referring to the books he published containing an account of his voyages and explorations, all the illustrations and maps in them being made by him. Poutrincourt was a nobleman and a soldier who had become weary of the turmoils which had trou-

rinccourt was not destined to obtain the rest he sought, for although his colony was established at Port Royal circumstances compelled him to abandon it, and he died a soldier's death in one of the sieges which arose out of the civil wars in 1616. Pontgrave was a seaman of St. Malo who had made several trading voyages to America, and was, therefore, able to give the expedition the benefit of his experience.



PORT ROYAL IN 1605

This, the first collection of European buildings in Nova Scotia, was situated five or six miles further down the River than the site of the later Fort Anne (now Annapolis Royal).

THIS IS REPRODUCED FROM CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWING

bled France for so many years, and who hoped to found in the new world a settlement in which he might spend the remainder of his days in peace. It was he that selected Port Royal as a suitable place for the new colony, and his choice was fully justified, for no more beautiful spot could have been chosen, although as a means of controlling a large area of territory and carrying on the fur trade the mouth of the St. John River would have been better. Pout-

Port Royal, however attractive it appeared to Poutrincourt, did not seem to De Monts so suitable for his settlement as the St. Croix River, and a small island in that river with an area of less than ten acres, became the site of the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the colony. The St. Croix is now the boundary between Canada and the United States, and St. Croix island has become a portion of the latter country. The selection of

this island showed an entire ignorance of the climatic conditions of the country, for it was without water and there were many days during the winter when it was impossible to reach the mainland. Yet the substantial character of the buildings erected on the island shows that it was seriously intended to make it a permanent settlement. Its only inhabitants at present are the keeper of the lighthouse and his family.

The story of St. Croix Island is quickly told. Seventy-nine persons, including De Monts, Champlain, d'Orville and Champdore, undertook to spend the winter there and before the spring came thirty-six of them were dead of scurvy, a disease which proved very fatal to the early voyagers, and which has only been banished by modern science. In the early summer of 1605, Pontgrave arrived from France with supplies and a reinforcement of forty men, and the survivors of the colony were removed to Port Royal.

One of the features of the De Monts tercentenary celebration at Annapolis in June last was a visit to the site of the fort built by Champlain and Pontgrave on the shores of Port Royal Basin. It is about six miles below the town of Annapolis on the north side of the river, and there is now hardly anything to indicate that a fort once existed there. Yet it appears from the picture and description of it in Champlain's book to have been a comfortable habitation and sufficiently

strong to resist any attack that might be made by the Indians who were the only enemies the French then feared. But neither at that time nor at any future period did the Indians give any trouble to the French in Acadia. They were always the allies of the French and the enemies



THE TABLET WHICH WAS UNVEILED IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING AT ST. JOHN, N.B., ON JUNE 24TH.

of the settlers of New England.

The winter of 1605 was less fatal to the colonists than its predecessor had been. Forty-five persons wintered at Port Royal of whom six died before spring. The winter was passed in tolerable comfort, although their dwellings were sometimes damp and they found the labour of grinding corn



DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP AS REBUILT FOR THE ST. JOHN PAGEANT OF JUNE 24TH.

in their hand mills very hard. But the colony had no means of supporting itself, and had to depend on the assistance it received from France which was sometimes very tardy in arriving. The ships of those days were so slow that it was impossible to calculate within a month or two when they would reach their destination. In 1606 the *Jonas*, the vessel that was sent out with supplies for the colony, did not arrive until the 26th July when Pontgrave had despaired of help

reaching him and was on the point of abandoning Port Royal. Poutrincourt came out in the *Jonas* with De Monts, and brought with him Marc L'Escarbot, an advocate of Paris, to whose lively book we are indebted for most of the information we possess in regard to the Port Royal colony.

It is a singular feature of the story of Port Royal that the men who lived there are more interesting to us than the deeds they accomplished. We seem to know them better than many individuals who occupied equally prominent positions in this province much nearer our own time. Much of this is due to the minute and graphic account which L'Escarbot gives of them, and something also to the fact that we have the story at first hand, for both Champlain and L'Escarbot narrated events in which they had themselves taken part. One of the most interesting matters connected with the settlement was the *Ordre de bon temps* which was founded by Champlain. Its real object was to keep the table of

the officers and chief persons of the colony well supplied with food, by introducing a spirit of emulation amongst them. There were fifteen persons who sat at the table, each of whom, in his turn, became steward and caterer for the day. It was the steward's duty to obtain supplies for the table by hunting or fishing or by purchase from the Indians. At the dinner the steward with his napkin on his shoulder, staff of office in his hand, and the collar of the Order round his neck led the van to the table. The other guests followed in procession each bearing a dish. The duties of the steward

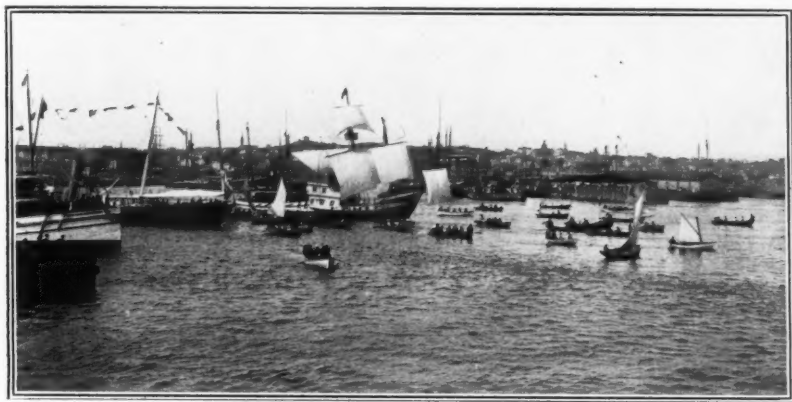


THE SLIP IN ST. JOHN HARBOUR WHERE DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE LANDED IN 1604. ON THIS SAME BIT OF BEACH, THE LOYALISTS LANDED IN 1783—LOW TIDE.

ended with the day, and he then surrendered the insignia of his office to his successor. Thus did these lonely Frenchmen, three thousand miles from their own fair land, seek to relieve the tedium of their lives and give a practical aim to their amusements.

Among the persons who wintered at Port Royal in 1606-7 was Claude de Latour, a man of good family who had been ruined during the civil wars of France. He had with him his son Charles, then a youth of fourteen, who was destined to make a greater figure in Acadian history than any other per-

took up the enterprise with the assistance of a merchant named Robin, but on a reduced scale. The heavy outlay and the smallness of the returns had a discouraging effect on the work of colonisation, and Port Royal continued in a weak condition up to the time of its destruction by Argal in 1613. This piratical adventurer from Virginia destroyed all the French settlements in Acadia, including the new Jesuit colony of St. Sauveur. Port Royal at this time was under the control of Biencourt, a son of Poutrin court, who had taken his father's place in Acadian



DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN'S SHIP MANNED BY MEMBERS OF THE YACHT CLUB SAILING UP THE ST. JOHN RIVER ON JUNE 24TH, 1904, THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE REAL EVENT OCCURRED. PHOTOGRAPH BY ERB & SON.

son who lived in the seventeenth century. Latour was a Huguenot, as was also De Monts, for the Acadian colony was founded on a basis of religious toleration, and Huguenot ministers as well as Catholic priests accompanied De Monts on his first voyage. This happy condition of affairs did not continue beyond the time of De Monts, and the only Huguenots who continued to reside in Acadia after his day were Claude Latour and his son.

The Port Royal colony was abandoned in the summer of 1607 by the withdrawal of the company which had been supplying the funds for its maintenance, but in 1610 Poutrin court again

affairs. It is stated by Charlevoix that when Port Royal was destroyed by Argal upwards of one hundred thousand crowns had been expended upon it. Biencourt and his lieutenant, Charles Latour, were driven out into the wilderness and compelled to live with the Indians for many years.

The next attempt to form a settlement at Port Royal was made by a Scotchman, Sir William Alexander, who obtained a grant of Acadia or Nova Scotia from James I of England in 1621. Six years later Alexander sent out seventy colonists who occupied the site of the fort built by Champlain at Port Royal. This colony remained

four winters in Acadia and might have become strong and flourishing had it not been for the transfer of Acadia to the French by the treaty of peace made between England and France in 1631. The Scotch colony at Port Royal was broken up, but several of its members remained in Acadia and became the founders of families that are now represented among the French Acadians.

When Acadia again came into possession of the French the commander, Isaac de Razilly, continued the work of colonisation on a more substantial scale. Neither the colony of De Monts nor that of Poutrincourt contained any women, and in the Scotch colony of Sir William Alexander there were only two. But Isaac de Razilly brought out forty families, so that it contained within itself the possibilities of future growth and permanency. These colonists must be regarded as the real founders of Nova Scotia, for their descendants occupy the country still, although they are largely outnumbered by people of British origin. Of all the gallant gentlemen and intrepid explorers who were the companions of De Monts, Champlain and Poutrincourt not one has left a descendant in Nova Scotia. The only person of the original colony whose blood now flows in the veins of the Acadian people is Charles Latour, who was then a mere boy and took no active part in the work of settlement. But the names of the members of de Razilly's colony, with hardly an exception, still survive in Acadia, and are likely to survive for centuries to come.

Most of the people who were brought to Acadia by de Razilly were farmers from the western coast of France, but other employments were also represented, such as carpenters, coopers, tailors and blacksmiths. The first census of Acadia, which has been preserved, was taken in 1671, and there were then ten men living at Port Royal who came to Acadia with de Razilly and were then grown up. Their names were Jean Blanchard, Jean Terriau, Pierre Martin, Vincent Brun, William Trahan, Francis Gauterot, Michael Boudrat,

Antoine Bourc, Pierre Commeaux and Abraham Dugast. Other Acadian names which were probably represented in this colony were Bourgeois, Hébert, Scavoye, Petipas, Landry, Girouard, Belliveau, Cormier, Rimbaut, Richard, Robichau and Melanson. These people were settled at La Have in 1635, or perhaps a year earlier. In 1636 Isaac de Razilly died and his property passed to his brother Claude, who in 1642 transferred his rights in Acadia to Charnisay. The latter removed the La Have colonists to Port Royal which from that time continued to grow and flourish and to send out its most enterprising members to settle in other parts of Acadia. Between 1642 and the end of the century Acadia was the scene of a civil war between Charnisay and Charles Latour, and of many contests between the French and the English, but these troubles hardly affected the growth of the Acadian settlements, which showed a steady increase in population at each successive census. In 1671 Port Royal had 325 inhabitants; in 1686 the number had grown to 592, although in the meantime new settlements had been founded at Chignecto and Mines, the former with 127 inhabitants and the latter with 57. In 1701 the population of these three settlements was 1,134, and in 1714, after Acadia had passed into the possession of the English, Port Royal had 637 inhabitants and Mines 653. The population of Chignecto was probably, at least, equal to that of Mines.

The English captured Port Royal in 1710 and renamed it Annapolis, and by the treaty of Utrecht all Acadia became British territory. But for the next forty years the hold of the English on the country was extremely slight. The French inhabitants multiplied exceedingly so that in 1755 their number was not less than 7,500, and they acted as if the country still belonged to France. In fact, there were no English settlers, except a few officials at Annapolis, and it was not until 1749 that any attempt was made to bring over any people of British birth. In that year Halifax



THE INDIAN POW-WOW AFTER THE LANDING OF DE MONTS, CHAMPLAIN AND THEIR COMPANIONS—ST. JOHN, JUNE 24TH, 1904.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ERB & SON.

was founded by Cornwallis, who brought out with him upwards of 2,500 persons, of whom 500 had been seamen in the Royal navy, while many of the others were disbanded officers and soldiers of the army. Such persons were not very well fitted to take up the work of colonising a wilderness country, but their presence had the effect of establishing a centre of British authority in the land and of causing the English people to take some interest in Nova Scotia. The inevitable conflict between French and English followed; war broke out between the two nations, and in 1755 about 6,000 of the French Acadians were deported from Nova Scotia and sent to the English colonies to the south. A few years later the rich marsh lands which the French had occupied were given to settlers from New England and from the British islands. Yet when the wars were ended the French returned in large numbers to Nova Scotia so that there

are now 140,000 persons of French origin in the Maritime Provinces, most of whom are descendants of the colonists brought out by Isaac de Razilly in 1634.

The last great wave of colonisation which reached Nova Scotia had its origin in the American Revolution. After the conclusion of peace upwards of 30,000 persons who had taken the side of the king settled in Nova Scotia and almost doubled its population. These Loyalists, as they were called, were the real founders of the Province of New Brunswick, which until 1784 was a part of Nova Scotia, and they added greatly to the strength and vigour of the colony which still bears the ancient name given to it by Sir William Alexander. They gave a character to the colony for loyalty which it has never lost, and which is never likely to be lost so long as the sons of Nova Scotia are true to the traditions of their fathers.



ST. JOHN MEDAL

GREETINGS OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION TO THE NOVA SCOTIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT THE DE MONTS TERCENTENARY, JUNE 21, 1904

By REUBEN G. THWAITES, LL.D.



HAVE been instructed by the American Historical Association to convey to the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and to the citizens of Annapolis, upon this interesting and important anniversary its greetings, congratulations and good wishes.

How old must anything be to make it historically interesting? This is a question variously answered in different lands. In the British Isles, anything more modern than Elizabeth is deemed insignificant; in France and Germany, nothing later than the Middle Ages is of historical concern; in Greece, Italy, India, Arabia, Egypt, other standards prevail. Time is but a relative term. The pioneer in one of our Western American States who, in his own short span of life, has seen his commonwealth develop from the savage-haunted backwoods up to its present condition of a highly-organised community, served materially by every modern invention, and intellectually by an ambitious State university, and imbued with cosmopolitan ideas and aspirations, has experienced more, seen more, done more, thought more, than the ancient Methuselah, in whose time the world moved as a snail.

American history may, despite its brevity, properly be divided into prehistoric, ancient, mediæval, and modern periods—with this difference: all have been, and in some instances still are, in progress at the same time, side by side, upon the same continent. This it is that gives to American history its opportunity and its zest. The cliff-dwellers and Pueblo Indians of our Southwest are still in the prehistoric stage, with archæologists con-

templating them at first hand, and thus incidentally illuminating the archæology of every other land. The study of primitive man in Europe is accompanied by immense difficulties, owing to his separation from us by a long span of centuries; the most successful and imaginative investigator knows him but by a few dumb relics—a carved bone, the pilings of a lake-dweller's house, a copper bracelet, a stone axe, or a human skull that has escaped the ravages of decay. In America our separation from the problem is measured by but a few days of travel and the price of a railway ticket.

The heroes of American ancient history are the explorers: those who first were brought face to face with savage nature, or first planted within the primeval forest the fruitful seeds of civilisation—Verrazano, the Cabots, Champlain, De Monts, John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Jesuit missionaries of New France.

I think we may properly consider as mediæval the period when other Europeans were rushing in upon the footsteps of the first-comers, and organising here a primitive society; here in Acadia, let us say, the romantic period of the La Tours, Charnisay, and Sir William Alexander.

Our distinctly modern period is that in which industrial and commercial development has taken place. In the great Mississippi basin there are States wherein modernity did not begin until the close of the War of Secession; in others, it was noticeable by 1850, while upon the western uplands of the Alleghanies it had arrived early in the nineteenth century. The Middle West of the American States was still in the

mediæval stage when her sisters upon the Atlantic coast had entered upon the modern; such was her condition when, a hundred years ago, the Louisiana Purchase was acquired—another event in which France is directly interested—and the United States took that gigantic forward stride upon the westering path which has within the present decade led her to the position of a world power.

We have assembled here to-day to celebrate an incident in the ancient history of America—an event dramatic in itself, and fraught with immense consequence. When, three hundred years ago this month of June, De Monts, Poutrincourt, and Champlain, with their brilliantly-accoutred company of adventurers, landed here in Annapolis Basin, amid this striking panorama of hill, and sky, and sea, and erected the arms of Henri IV, they were playing a part in the history of the

New World quite as significant in its way as the beaching of Cæsar's boats below the white cliffs of Dover, sixteen and a half centuries before. In the long interval between these two historical events England had passed through the weary throes of her ancient and mediæval experiences. The modern James was wrestling with his Puritan subjects when the ancient history of New France began.

The career of New France was one of the most thrilling, as it was one of the most picturesque episodes in human history. In a little over a century and a half, covering the ancient and mediæval periods of North American development—for we may safely date the commencement of Canada's modern epoch with the treaty of 1763—the banner of the *fleur de lis* was planted all the long way from Louisbourg's

stone walls to the log palisades of the farthest Post of the Western Sea, on the headwaters of the mountain-fed Saskatchewan; from the sub-arctic Hudson Bay to the little white town of sub-tropical New Orleans. Along three great continental drainage systems—the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the Winnipeg, and the Mississippi—the waterside forts and hamlets of the laughter-loving French held political mastery over the vast wilderness of the interior, at a time when



HON. J. W. LONGLEY

Who inspired the Historical Celebrations which were held at Annapolis Royal, N.S. on June 21st and 22nd, and in St. John, N.B. on June 23rd and 24th.

England's prosaic colonies were confined to the narrow eastern slope of the Appalachians. Throughout the enormous stretch between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, French explorers like Jolliet and Vérendrye pushed their indomitable way; *coureurs de bois* like Du Luth and Perrot, awakening the dark arches of the forest with gibe and song, propelled their birch canoes along the glistening

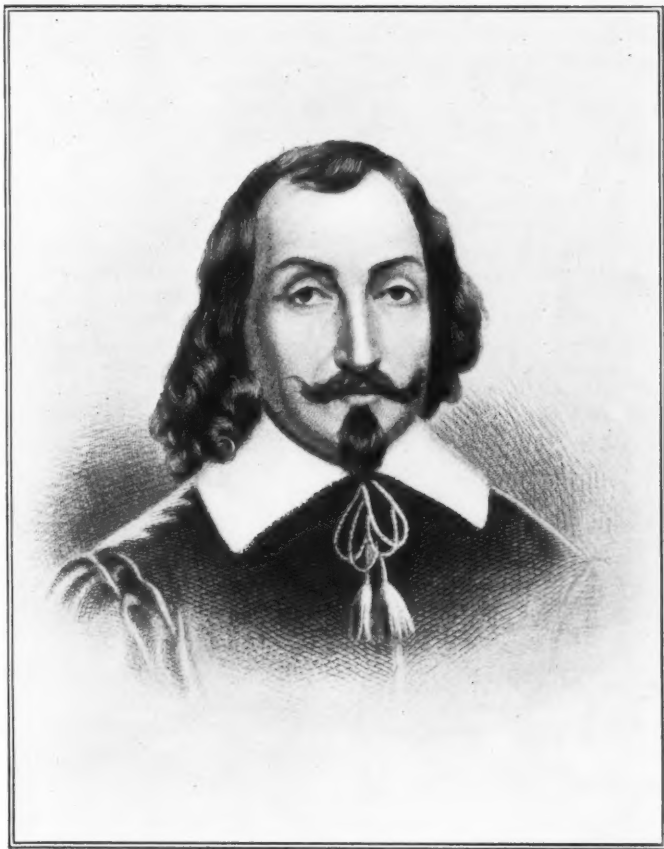
waterways; Jesuit missionaries, like Marquette and Jogues, draped in sober cassocks, and Recollet friars like Hennepin and Membré, in cowls and sandals, with enterprise unsurpassed, with bravery undaunted, with lofty idealism, carried the cross to the most distant savage tribes; French soldiers, miners, adventurers of every sort, the wander lust within their veins, found no road too difficult, no peril unsurmountable, for their ceaseless journeyings. The far-stretching, interlacing rivers were to them both an invitation and a means. Pride of Empire had reared an ambitious structure. But their cordon was too weak, their base too far removed; and when at last the advance guard of the slow-growing colonies of England came tardily, but fiercely sweeping down upon the inland waters of the West, and challenging the control of these maritime provinces, the end was near. New France, to the last fighting with noble courage, fell before the resistless onslaught of New England and her neighbours, and the curtain was rung down upon the tragedy of a nation.

But while France no longer controls our continental interior, Frenchmen, stronger and more numerous than those whom Montcalm summoned to the death struggle, still stoutly hold much of Canada and Louisiana; and French-Canadian communities, wedded to Norman tongue and Norman manners, are yet tenacious of their hold upon the quaint hamlets which, as in fur-trade days of long ago, still nestle upon the côtes of St. Lawrence Gulf and River, and on many a Western portage path and waterway. By their strong loyalty to new political conditions; by their hardy, domestic virtues; by their modest thrift and contentment; by their love of music, and their kindly social graces, French-Canadians in the United States furnish us an example well needed in these days of our strenuous self-seeking. For these homely legacies, for its example of high daring, lofty ambition, gallant manners, and splendid bravery, American character owes much to new France; and the pages of

American history, in particular, have through the medium of the old régime acquired many a chapter of glowing colour, well needed in a tale, which sometimes, I fear, is too sordid.

The American Historical Association is, sir, American in the broadest sense. Many of our most active members are citizens of the Dominion—indeed, our president this year is Dr. Goldwin Smith. But be they resident north or south of the boundary, American historical students are keenly conscious of their debt of gratitude to the men and to the historians of New France. Your history is warp and woof with our own—whether it be Minnesota, which once knew Du Luth and Hennepin; Wisconsin, claiming Jean Nicolet as her discoverer; Michigan, proud of her Cadillac; Indiana, having within her bounds the portage paths of La Salle; Ohio, with her memories of Céleron; Pennsylvania, where Washington met the French advance; New York, wherein Champlain brought slaughter to the raging Iroquois, and Jogues met retributive martyrdom; New England, with her century and a half of border turmoil by land and sea, long remembered with bitterness, but at this distance viewed with philosophic calm; Louisiana, founded by Iberville and Bienville—wherever French habitant leisurely toiled in sweet contentment, French explorer feverishly extended the bound of empire, French fur-trader wandered, cassocked priest said mass, white-frocked soldier kept watch and ward over the interest of the great Louis, ambitious miner found veins of copper and coloured earths, or English and French and Indian met in mortal combat on the frontiers of civilisation, the history of New France is taught as the local tradition of the land.

And so, sir, speaking officially for my colleagues of the American Historical Association, let me again express to you their fraternal greetings upon this memorial day, assuring you of their common concern and active sympathy in the motives which underly this celebration, and congratulating you upon its splendid consummation.



CHAMPLAIN

From a steel-engraving from a lithograph by Ducornet, a French engraver. It is probably spurious. (See *Acadiensis*, Vol. IV, p. 306 et seq.)

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

By JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, M.A.

WITH the tercentenary celebration of the founding of Annapolis Royal recurs the questioning fancy of the poet:

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel;
Thy pulses still the deeds repeat
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

The everlasting tides of the rushing
river still flow as of old to the Baie

Française through the strait which
De Monts and Champlain, first of
white men, entered three hundred
years ago; that strait which Dutch or
German sailors afterwards called the
"gât," or gate, through which one en-
ters the magnificent basin of the An-
napolis, and now known by a vulgar
corruption of the Dutch name. The
Charter under which De Monts took

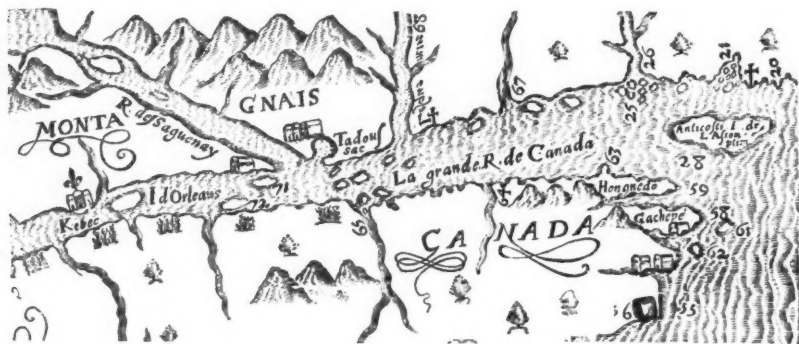
possession of this region for King Henry the Great, begins in this way: "Henry, By the Grace of God King of France and Navarre:—To our dear and well beloved the lord of Monts, one of the ordinary gentlemen of our Chamber: salut. As our greatest care and labour is and always has been since our coming to this crown to maintain and conserve it in the ancient dignity, greatness and splendour thereof, to extend and amplify as much as lawfully may be done the bounds and limits of the same; we being for a long time informed of the situation and condition of the lands and territories of La Cadia, moved

courage his religious disciple and civil chief to deeds of hell in the name of the beneficent God. The watchword of De Monts evidently was "for God and the King." As Macaulay writes:

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are,
And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre."

A statue of Father Massé has long been erected in Quebec, the scene of his later labours; a statue of De Monts at Annapolis Royal will henceforth overlook the site of the oldest settlement of Europeans on the continent of North America.

As Parkman says: "Spanish civilisa-



THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER IN 1609—FROM LESCARBOT'S MAP

"above all things by a single-minded zeal and devout and constant resolution which we have taken with the help and assistance of God, Author, Distributor and Protector of all kingdoms and estates, to cause this people which do inhabit the country, men (at the present time) barbarous, atheistic, without faith or religion to be converted to Christianity and to the belief and profession of our faith and religion, and to draw them from the ignorance and unbelief in which they are."

De Monts was no Pizarro, come over the ocean to rob and ravish, and then to exterminate with fire and sword, a helpless and unoffending race, and Father Massé was no Valverde to en-

tion crushed the Indian, English civilisation scorned and neglected him, French civilisation embraced and cherished him."

The ease and expedition with which the Micmacs were converted to Christianity and induced to lay aside their barbarous religious rites have probably no counterpart in the history of Christian missions, but it was long before the benign influence of their new religion availed to mitigate the diabolical ferocity of their warfare. When we read of the famous old Sachem, Membertou, and his gallant warriors we cannot help thinking that there was better material in them than is indicated by their posterity of to-day. If the English Government of Nova Scotia

had placed them on reservations of some of the best farming lands of the Province, and made such efforts as Canada is now making with the Indians of the Northwest to give them a good education and instruct them in the art and practice of agriculture, we might now have a body of useful citizens in place of a degenerate remnant of a once lordly race, not far removed from the nomadic habits of their remote ancestors.

There is no doubt that the date on the lost "masonic stone" (see Calnek-Savary History of Annapolis, pp. 9, 236, 641) was 1606, as stated by Haliburton, instead of 1609, as stated by every subsequent writer, even by Sir Sanford Fleming, to whom the late R. G. Haliburton, D.C.L., the historian's son, gave it to take to Toronto and deposit with the Canadian Institute. A cut of it appears in the "History of Free Masonry" which I consulted in the library of the Grand Lodge in Boston. The date is very distinct, the square and compasses less so. I have no doubt that Dr. Jackson, the geological surveyor who found it in 1827, was correct in calling it a fragment of a grave stone; and I believe it marked the resting place of one of Poutrincourt's men who was killed by Indians during his exploratory voyage along the New England Coast in 1606. It must have been impossible for him to bring home the bodies of the three who were killed outright; and of the two who were wounded one died on the 14th of November following, who was, I conclude, a Free Mason, and hence the Masonic emblems on the stone.

The last relic that I have heard of as having been unearthed in the vicinity of the first fort is a small crucifix worn in 1890 by Rev. Father A. B. Parker, then Curé of St. Bernard's, Clare, Digby County, now in New York, the promoter of St. Anne's (Acadian) College in Clare, a poet, and one warmly and affectionately interested in the character and traditions of the Acadian French. I understood from him that he secured it immediately

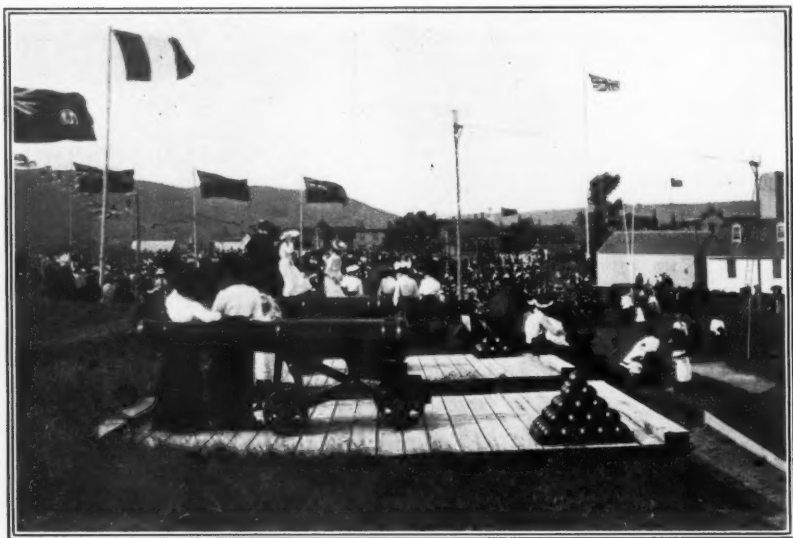


DE MONTS

This is a copy from the water-colour in "Massachusetts Archives: Documents Collected in France," Vol. I, p. 441, which was supposed to have been made from a painting. It is probably spurious.

after its discovery a short time previously.

As to the natal day of Annapolis Royal, fixed for the purpose of the tercentenary at the 21st, I believe that the precise day on which De Monts entered the strait does not appear. Calnek says it was about the middle of June. I have written in the margin of my copy of the book, I cannot now remember on what authority, "18th." The map or sketch made by Champlain (who accompanied De Monts for the purpose of making maps and charts), a copy of which is, I believe, in the archives or library at Ottawa, represents Bear Island (l'isle d'Hébert) as two islands, a large one and a small one. This, I thought, was very remarkable, suggesting as it did the speculation whether the tragedy of Atlantis had repeated itself on a small scale in the waters of the basin! But



OLD FORT ANNE, BESIDE WHICH THE MONUMENT TO DE MONT'S WILL STAND
This view is taken from beside the old Magazine and looks across the fort enclosure towards the business part of Annapolis. The hills to the left are across the river which flows towards the left.—Photo by Atlee, June 22nd, 1904.



OLD FORT ANNE AS VIEWED FROM THE MAIN STREET OF ANNAPOLIS
The De Monts statue will stand to the right of the pathway leading into the fort.
Photo by Atlee, June 22nd, 1904.

a year or two ago when passing the island by train at the time of a very unusually high tide, I observed to my surprise that the island presented the same phenomenon that it does on Champlain's map. The tide had overflowed a depressed portion of the southern side of the island and temporarily divided it in two. Now as the sketch was no doubt made the day they entered the harbour, if we could ascertain on what day of June, 1604, the

by Latour, he sailed past both points and was obliged to submit to a battle on the bank of what is now called the Lequille. He anticipated no enemies when he took possession in 1633 or 1634 and was in no hurry to build or equip elaborate fortifications. The traditional site of a church at the present village of Lequille where "apostle spoons" and similar ecclesiastical relics have been found is an indication that he relied on the works erected in 1607



A COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL RELICS IN THE OLD BARRACKS AT FORT ANNE

highest spring tide occurred, we would have correctly the day on which to celebrate yearly the origin of Annapolis Royal.

On the question when the present fort was built I see no reason to correct what I said in the History of Annapolis, pp. 182-3. D'Aulnay de Charnisay could have had no fort on the site of the old French fort and of the Scotch fort on the Granville shore, and could have had no guns mounted on the present fort when in July, 1643, chased

for the protection of the mill. (See History of Annapolis, p. 15). He built his church in this protected spot and no doubt kept it there until the present fort was completed. Probably no one who has written on this question has consulted the archives in Paris. Perhaps there may yet be found correspondence of de Charnisay with his superiors in which all the progress of these fortifications from their inception to their completion may be traced.

I will close by asking if any place in

the world can be named which has had within and around it so many battles and sieges as this venerable old town. Besides being the scene of one battle between contending factions (1643), once ravaged by pirates (1690), and once by piratical privateers (1781), it has been subject to twelve sieges or attacks as follows:

A.D. 1654, captured by Sedgwick.

A.D. 1680, captured by the British again, without much, if any, resistance.

A.D. 1690, captured by Sir William Phipps, and after its desertion by him recaptured by Villebon.

A.D. 1707, twice besieged and attacked by New England troops.

A.D. 1710, finally captured by General Nicholson.

A.D. 1711, attacked by Indians led by the priest Gaulin.

A.D. 1724, attacked by Indians.

A.D. 1744, twice attacked, first by

Indians under de la Loutre and afterwards by French under Duvivier.

A.D. 1745, besieged by Marin.

A.D. 1746, besieged by French under de Ramezay.

In 1742 an attack by Indians was planned and frustrated, and in 1746 the fort was menaced by French ships. Some writers put the number of its battles and sieges at fourteen, but to do so it seems to me they must include these last mentioned two occasions, or the incursions of the pirates and privateers.

Murdoch says (*History of Nova Scotia*, p. 71.) that Sir David Kirke "made himself master of Port Royal" in 1628, but at that time it was in possession of Sir William Alexander under a charter from James I of England. Kirke merely added military to the civil authority wielded by Sir William Alexander.

THE FIRST EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AMERICA

Historical Note by The Editor

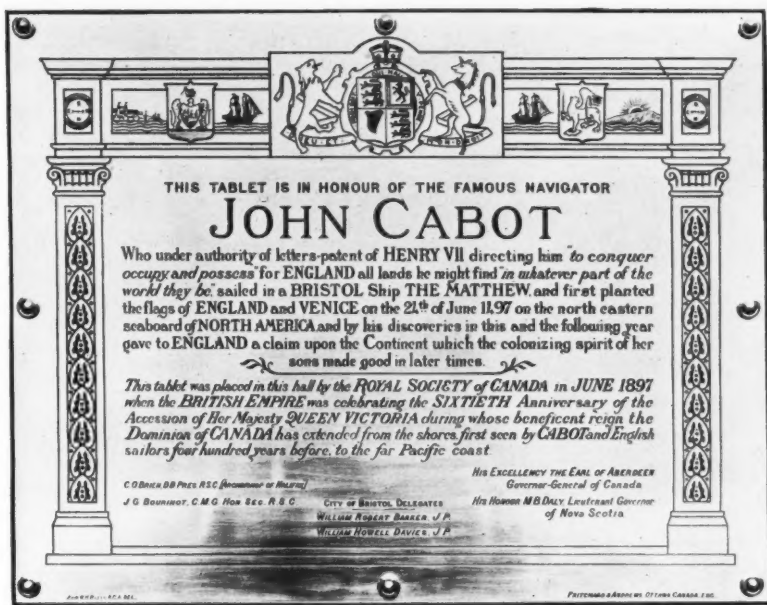
DURING the celebration at Annapolis the question of the first permanent European settlement came up for discussion. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, claimed the honour for Massachusetts and the Pilgrim Fathers because that settlement contained women and children—the possibilities of continuity and development. The claim does not stand investigation.

The first settlement in North America which had any permanency, if the Spanish settlements in the West Indies and Mexico are excepted, was that of St. Augustine, Florida, which was founded by Menendez in 1565. This soldier was deputed by the King of Spain to visit Florida and to burn and hang all the French Lutherans he found in it. His force contained many

soldiers but was accompanied by settlers with women and children. Justin Winsor's history says that St. Augustine is "the oldest city in the present territory of the United States."

The Cabots, Hawkins, Drake and Raleigh attempted settlements, but none were successful. Winsor's work says, "But although the colonies he sent to Virginia perished, to Raleigh must be awarded the honour of securing the possession of North America to the English."

Next in order to St. Augustine, comes Jamestown. On May 13th, 1607, a party of Englishmen, profiting by Raleigh's experiences, sailed fifty miles up the James River and founded Jamestown. In the following year, the first women arrived. These were Mrs. Thomas Forest and her maid Anne Barras. The latter in a few



ANOTHER MEMORIAL IN NOVA SCOTIA—THE CABOT TABLET AT HALIFAX

weeks became Mrs. John Laydon and this marriage was the first celebrated in Virginia.

Prior to the founding of Jamestown, De Monts and Champlain founded Port Royal and the settlement exists to this day, although there was an interval of three or four years during which there were no settlers there. Women did not arrive until probably fourteen years after Jamestown had been favoured with their presence. If the presence of women is in test of permanent settlement, then the honour must go to St. Augustine and Jamestown. Yet, as Archbishop O'Brien said at Annapolis:

"Several years before the *Mayflower* had been moored to Plymouth Rock, before Jamestown or even Quebec had been founded, the rites of Christianity had been practised and its doctrines promulgated, in the rude camp of Port Royal. This is a glory which is vindicated and brought to the knowledge of all by this tercentenary celebration.

May the children of Nova Scotia ever remember that as their Province was the first discovered, the first colonised, the first to receive the Gospel of holiness, so they should strive to be the first in virtue, first in intelligence, first in an enlightened love of country."

The City of Quebec, founded in 1608, had no white women within its walls until 1617 when Sieur Hébert arrived with his family. The next year his eldest daughter, Anne Hébert, married Etienne Jonquest, the first marriage solemnised in Quebec. Mr. George Johnston in his "First Things in Canada"* says the first white woman settler in Canada was Madame Hébert who landed in Nova Scotia in 1610. There seems to be no proof of this, although she undoubtedly came to Quebec in 1617. Her husband was in Nova Scotia for some years before coming to Quebec, but it does not follow that he took his wife with him on his first voyage to a strange

* Third Edition, p. 210, Ottawa, 1897.



OLD BURYING GROUND ANNAPOLIS—OLD BARRACKS OF FORT ANNE IN DISTANCE

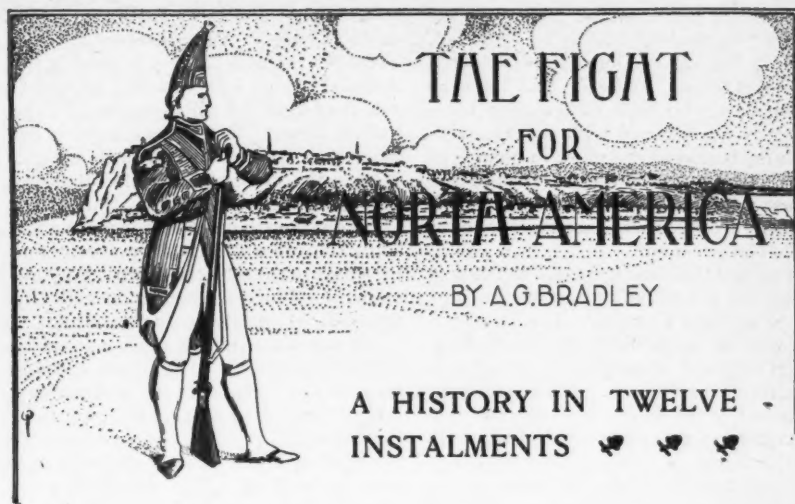
country. The same author says that the first white woman in New France was Marguerite Vienne who arrived in Quebec in 1616 with her husband; if this is true, she was a citizen of Quebec a year before Madame Hébert. Perhaps when all the documents relating to the period are examined, the names of other women may be discovered. These may even be entitled to the honours now given Madame Hébert and Marguerite Vienne. Yet whatever the result concerning names, there can be no gainsaying the statement that there were women in Quebec long before 1620. McMullen, one of our best historians, says that Quebec was the first permanent settlement with the exception of Jamestown.

In any case the honour of the first permanent settlement cannot go to the Massachusetts colony of 1620. St. Augustine 1565, Port Royal 1604, Jamestown 1607, Quebec 1608, all have prior claims on the distinction.

There is one point in connection with De Monts' settlement which is worth recalling. The Hon. Charles Langelier aptly expressed it at Annapolis. He spoke in French, but the following is a free translation of his reference:

"I thought proper, in a day consecrated to the memory of the founder of Port Royal, to recall his history. In organising this celebration you have accomplished an act of true patriotism. The people of Nova Scotia have not only accomplished an act of patriotism, but they have proved also that those sentiments of tolerance which animated De Monts, are not extinguished amongst them, for, though De Monts was a Calvinist, he brought with him Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, showing thus that his colony was open to all, whatever might be their religious beliefs. Yes, I proclaim it to the honour of Nova Scotia, that your province has always shown a great religious tolerance. We have never seen among you those religious conflicts which have troubled other provinces.

"May the lessons given to us by history cause to cease these struggles, which serve only to destroy the good harmony which should exist among all good citizens. If the celebration of to-day was only to remind us of those things it would be sufficient to greet it with joy as a national festival."



CHAPTER VIII.—ABERCROMBY TAKES COMMAND IN AMERICA—LARGE BRITISH ARMY GATHERS AT ALBANY—ABERCROMBY ATTACKS TICONDEROGA—REPULSED WITH GREAT LOSS—CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE—1758.

WHEN Captain Amherst, bearing his brother's despatches, arrived in England with the news of the fall of Louisbourg and laid the captured French standards at the king's feet, the nation, long accustomed to reverses, broke out into a wild frenzy of joy. With beat of drum and flourish of trumpets, the French flags were carried, through crowds of shouting citizens, from Kensington Palace to St. Paul's, and there deposited with a faint echo of the long tempest of artillery which had preceded their capture. The country, too, had just been plunged in mourning by news of the disaster of Ticonderoga which has to be related in this chapter; and the revulsion of feeling accounted no doubt in part for its excessive exultation. Bonfires flared and church bells pealed from John-o-Groat's to the Land's End, while addresses of congratulation poured in upon the king from every quarter. American troops had taken a very small part in this achievement; but if this fact in any way damped the joy of the colonies at a victory which

was more precious to them even than to the mother country they did not show it. Each city celebrated the occasion in its own characteristic fashion. Boston by a flood of pulpit eloquence, New York with cakes and ale and a prodigious amount of toast-drinking, while the peace-at-any-price element of Philadelphia were well content to let the more worldly portion of its community indulge, like the rest, in bonfires and rockets. It was not till long after Boston and New York had completed their rejoicings for the victory, says Captain Knox, that news of it reached the lonely forts upon the western coast of Nova Scotia, where he and his comrades were eating their hearts out among mosquitoes, black flies and scalp-hunters.

At the fall of Louisbourg Wolfe was ardent to push on at once to Quebec. Boscawen and Amherst would probably have consented, with such a strong naval and military force at their disposal. It is idle, however, to speculate on what their decision might have been, or what their chances of success, for news had come to Louisbourg as to

London, which made it plain that one more "Incapable" had to be removed, before the road to success was cleared of obstacles. Amherst had now to hasten away to New York and to Abercromby's assistance with several regiments, leaving Whitmore in charge of Louisbourg, and Wolfe to ravage the coast-villages of the St. Lawrence gulf, a task he makes wry enough faces over in his letters home.

Pitt had this year appealed to the colonies for a force of 20,000 men to operate against Canada. The northern provinces, particularly those of New England, had already made great and creditable exertions. Massachusetts was easily the foremost in this spirited competition, and had pledged her credit to the extent of half a million sterling, a heavy burden on her finances, for in Boston the taxes had risen to 13s. in the pound on real and personal estate. Connecticut was but little behind, while the small province of New Hampshire placed one in three of her adult males in the field. These northern colonies, including New Jersey and New York, replied to Pitt's appeal with an actual force of 17,480 men, 7,000 of whom were supplied by Massachusetts. Poor Shirley had been long recalled, and ill-requited for his public spirit; not so much, perhaps, because he had made mistakes, as that he had provoked jealousy among rivals even less successful. Governor Pownall now reigned in his stead over the Puritan Commonwealth, and took some steps this year to make the officers of its willing, if not very formidable, militia more effective disciplinarians. When a corps of picked rangers or woodsmen, destined for special service, elected their own officers, the results were excellent, but when the militia of a rural democracy, steeped in village politics, followed the same system, it was a very different matter. The notion that a private was as good as his captain, even if sometimes justified by facts, did not conduce to success, in the face of Montcalm's veteran regiments. A great improvement in this particular was now introduced by methods which do not directly concern us here.

Abercromby was at Albany, the inevitable base of all operations, by May 11th, but the usual delays in getting the colonial troops into the field occurred, and they were not all assembled till the end of June. There was always a deficiency in arms, tents and clothing, and it was the remedying of this that, as usual, caused the delay. But, when all was at length finished, the force upon Lake George was not only powerful but in every respect complete, and its chances of success seemed practically assured. It wanted only a general.

Albany was quite a unique town in colonial America. Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," has left us a delightful picture of this home of her youth, at a period corresponding about exactly with the one now treated of. The daughter of a Scotch officer, she was brought up in the household of that very famous colonial lady, "Aunt Schuyler," returning in after years to residence and marriage in her native country. She was advanced in life when she wrote the two small volumes which have been the delight of all students of old colonial life; and this, no doubt, accounts for certain inaccuracies.* When, in the summer of 1758, the luckless Abercromby gathered over 20,000 regular and provincial troops at Albany, it was still a purely Dutch town. There was a small handful of cultivated aristocratic families, like the Schuylers, owning large estates, fine houses, well furnished with old china, plate and well-painted pictures brought from the low countries, and there were the numerous

* Dr. Kalm, the Swedish traveller and scientist, who visited Albany more than once about this period, gives a very different picture of the burghers. He declares it was the only place in his wide travels in North America where he was consistently cheated. He says, moreover, that the Dutch traders did not scruple to buy the plunder of ravaged New England homesteads from the Indians, arousing thereby such fierce resentment among the New Englanders that they had more than once threatened to make an example of Albany and its inhabitants. Nor can the Doctor account for the remarkable difference which he describes as notorious between the morals, manners and habits of the Alabanians and the Dutch of the lower country, whom he entirely approves of.

burghers of the town, of lower station, and nearly all interested in the Indian trade—simple, kindly and religious, though by no means austere folk, according to our authoress. Every well-to-do family owned house negroes, whom they treated with the same consideration, and even affection, as the best families of Virginia treated their household servants: "Slavery softened to a smile" Mrs. Grant calls it. The town consisted of one very long street, running parallel with the river, and another meeting this in the centre at right angles, while others less important branched out to the right and left. The houses were even then mostly of brick, their gable ends, built Dutch fashion, fronting the street, and containing the front door with its "stoop," where the family sat on summer evenings, while rows of maple trees rustled by the sidewalk. Every house had a roomy garden and one or more cows, which were driven home at morning and evening from the common pasture-land to be milked. The old dislike of the English had greatly softened among the burgher class, and was practically dead among the patroon set, who went to New York in the season, had an English Episcopal church in Albany, and gave generously, both in blood and money and hospitality, to the English cause, which was, in fact, their own. Three years of military occupation, however, played sad havoc with the Arcadian simplicity of Albany as Mrs. Grant paints it. It was in vain that the heads of households tried to discriminate in their hospitalities between the serious and the frivolous among the officers. The younger generation could not resist the gay, play-acting young ensigns and captains, covered with lace and gold; and fell into all their strange and dubious amusements with a facility that was deplorable in the eyes of their elders. The Dutch ministers, we are told, after months of pulpit protestations gave up their flocks in despair; and the Puritan traditions of the place—which was now nearly a hundred years old—were permanently shaken.

Indeed, one may well imagine that the social ethics of the second George's reign, turned loose upon a town that, though Puritan and unsophisticated, possessed much capacity for enjoyment, created a vast commotion. With the army, too, came all sorts of people, officially or commercially engaged in ministering to its wants, and the old burghers shook their heads at this flood of innovation from the outer world. All good people, however, have their failings, and the Puritan variety has been ever inclined to allow himself a special code in the matter of achieving a bargain. The innocent Albanians had carried this to such lengths with the Indians that the shaky attitude of the Six Nations towards the British was chiefly their handiwork. Lastly, we get vivid glimpses of the great dislike felt by the people of the other colonies, whether English or Dutch, to those of New England. New England, however, may well have been consoled by the fact that if she was unloved by her neighbours, she alone was regarded by the French, in a military sense, with something like respect.

Woodland fighting between the Rangers of both sides was going savagely on, while the more serious warfare was labouring for a start. All the forts upon the Hudson, north of Albany, and those in the valley of the Mohawk were manned and on the watch. All the notable guerilla leaders, French and British—men of valour rather than of virtue, most of them—were out upon the war-path. British officers shared frequently in these dangerous ventures, not as leaders having authority, but as humble students in the art of forest warfare, under men like Stark and Rogers; and their inexperience not seldom cost them their lives in fights *à l'outrance*, where quarter was neither asked nor given and scalps were a valuable asset.

It was near the middle of June when Abercromby gathered together at Fort Edward the forces he was to lead against Ticonderoga. The site of Fort William Henry was now, as ever,

the front of the British position. A stockade had been erected both there and upon the adjoining hill, where the massacre of the preceding year had taken place, and was strongly garrisoned, while the energetic Bradstreet, wisely placed in charge of all the transport, with 800 boatmen under him, had prepared nearly 1,500 craft of various sorts for the passage of the army down Lake George.

Now at last all was ready for the embarkation of the greatest armament that had ever darkened the surface of an American lake. Abercromby had with him, in round numbers, 6,300 regulars and 9,000 provincials, including batteau men. With the former were the 27th regiment (Blakeney's), the 42nd Highlanders, the 44th (Abercromby's), the 46th (Murray's), the 55th (Lord Howe's), two battalions of the 60th (Royal Americans), and Gage's Light Infantry. The hopes of the colonies ran high. They had made great efforts and never had so large or so well-equipped a force been collected under one command in America. Abercromby was something of an unknown quantity, but his organising powers had given good promise; while Lord Howe, who was with him, had won golden opinions upon all sides, and greatly endeared himself to the colonists. He stood somewhat on the same platform as Wolfe, and was about three years older. The latter declares in a letter that he is "the best officer in the British army;" while Pitt himself is scarcely less emphatic. Howe was, in fact, not only a fine soldier, but was wholly free from the narrow-minded prejudices that made the average British officer tread upon the corns of his colonial brother in arms almost whenever he met him. He was gifted with a precious intuition—rare now, and much rarer then—which realised that there might be social excellence outside that focussed in St. James's, and military worth in homespun coats and hunting shirts. He grasped at once the colonial point of view, a result not often achieved under a term of years by Englishmen even in our

enlightened day, and was, in consequence, as much beloved by the colonists as by his own men, and they would have followed him anywhere. He admired the Rangers and studied their tactics. He saw that the Englishman was prone to be somewhat heavy, pedantic and elaborate in his movements, and slow, as he is even now, to seize the often rough-and-ready methods of expediting matters in a new country. He snipped off the long coat-tails of the infantry, browned their shining gun-barrels, cut their hair short, and improved their leg-gear; adding both comfort and speed to the poor fellows' progress through the hot and dense woods. He not only set an example of good manners to his officers in their behaviour to the people of the country, but was rigid in cutting down superfluous baggage, going so far as to wash his own linen and eat his dinner with a clasp knife, as an example to his subordinates. And yet, so mysterious are the ways of Providence, that he was killed by the very first shot fired in an enterprise which some men said depended on his leadership. In the meanwhile, a word must be said of what was happening all this time with the French at Ticonderoga.

De Vaudreuil had cherished designs of his own against the Mohawk valley by way of Lake Ontario, and had weakened his none too numerous forces by dividing them. He was anxious, too, about Quebec, in the event of the fall of Louisbourg. Bourlamaque, however, was at the stone fort at Ticonderoga with the regiments of La Reine, Guienne, and Béarn, some Canadian regulars and a few militia. Montcalm had hurried down there with further reinforcements, comprising the battalions of La Sarre and De Berry. Lévis had been sent westward by de Vaudreuil, but was hastily recalled when even that prodigious egotist admitted that a great crisis was impending. The French force with Montcalm was but little over 3,000 men, though these 3,000, to be sure, were of the very best.

A reference to the map will remind

the reader of the topography of this memorable position. Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, will be seen on the point at the head of Lake Champlain, just where the little river, having circled round its eight-mile bend, comes hurrying from Lake George. The middle four miles of this, it will be remembered, were unnavigable rapids, and a road, forming as it were the string of a bow, had been cut from the head to the foot of this shallow water. At the foot of the rapids, whence boats could flow into Lake Champlain, and two miles above the fort was a saw-mill and a bridge. Here Montcalm awaited news, sending a force to occupy the Lake George or the upper end of the rapids, and a party of 300 into the woods beyond, to report on the movements of the English. Large as Abercromby's army actually was, its numbers were exaggerated by scouts and Indians, and Montcalm may well be excused if even his stout heart began to sink. French tactics had usually been wise, but this year Montcalm had been over-ruled, and de Vaudreuil outwitted. By every law of human chance Montcalm had only one hope, namely, in retreating as rapidly as he could. But recent experiences had taught him there was one chance not allowed for in the rules of war, and that was in King George's generals, and he boldly decided to count upon it.

He heard that the army had embarked from William Henry, leaving him, therefore, about two days for preparations. He longed for Lévis, who was expected hourly, and, in the meantime, there was much discussion as to the best spot for resistance. The stone fort was voted out of the question, as being too small, and overlooked, moreover, by Rattlesnake Mountain. Crown Point was thought of, but the day advanced, and some definite decision was urgent, in the face of such fearful odds. Bourslamaque and his men had, in the meanwhile, been recalled from the Lake George end of the rapids, where the English were expected to land, and the bridge destroyed. The entire army, officers

and men, now set to work, with axe and pick and shovel, to carry out the plan which at the last hour was agreed upon.

Fort Carillon, or Ticonderoga, stood near the point of a high promontory, with the mouth of the river on one side and Lake Champlain on the other. The ridge which formed it ran inland for some distance, leaving a strip of densely wooded swamp on either side, between its slope and the water's edge, and along this ridge only was it easy of access from the land side. Here, some half-mile from the fort, by the infinite labour of the whole army, and in an incredibly short space of time, was thrown up an intrenchment impregnable to anything but artillery. The crest of the ridge was lined with a solid wall of tree trunks, piled one above another to a height of eight or nine feet, and traced in zigzag fashion, so that its face could be enfiladed from any point. The ground, even in the front, sloped away, while on the sides towards the marshes it was steep and rocky. For the space of a musket-shot in front the dense forest had been cut down, the trees lying in tangled confusion as they had fallen. Immediately before the breastwork, and constituting the most formidable barrier of all, layers of large trees had been laid, with their tangled branches facing outward to the foe, twined together, and sharpened at the points. This work was begun upon the morning of the 7th, and was only just completed when Abercromby delivered his attack, upon the morning of the 8th; Lévis having just arrived with 400 men, bringing Montcalm's force up to 3,600 of all arms.

In the meantime, with such pomp and circumstance of war as had never been witnessed, even from the blood-stained shores of this romantic lake, Abercromby had embarked upon the enterprise which no man thought could by any possibility again miscarry. It was July the 5th, and the very week in which those despairing sorties of the French from Louisbourg heralded their approaching defeat,

when the British flotilla crowded out on to the surface of Lake George. The pages of historian and novelist alike glow, when they recall the splendour of this notable scene. The faded types of old colonial journals, the yellow tattered letters, written at the time by those who saw it, all testify to the glories of such a pageant as is not often spread before the eyes of men. Many who have never set actual eyes upon Lake George will have surely visited it time and again with those fascinating companions whom Fenimore Cooper provided for their youthful fancy, will have stood upon its shores with Guert Ten Eyck and Corny Littlepage, or pierced the mysteries of the surrounding forest with the wily Uncas and the resourceful Leather-stocking.

On this memorable July morning twelve hundred boats, laden with troops and munitions of war, stretched like a vast armada across the bosom of the lake. The summer dawn was brilliant and cloudless. The sun had just risen over the mountain tops, and chased away the mists that night had gathered along the swampy shores. Not a breath of air was stirring on the water, not a ripple ruffling the silver sheen of its surface; nor over that illimitable sea of woodland, which swept upwards in successive waves from the island-studded shores, came breeze enough to move a blossom or a leaf. With regular precision, its wings stretching to right and left, and as the narrow lake grew narrower, reaching almost from bank to bank, the splendid pageant swept slowly northwards. In the centre were the British regiments, all gay in scarlet and white and gold. Upon the right and left and in the rear went the colonial troops, in blue and red. In the front was the gallant Bradstreet, with his sailors and axemen, in soberer guise, and Gage's light infantry, with their strange caps and short jackets and moustachioed faces.

From the whole dense flotilla came the glint and flash of burnished arms, and above the boats, at intervals, hung the standards of famous regiments, im-

patient to inscribe some American triumph on their folds, while the brave show of over a thousand tartans—those of the "Black Watch"—filled in the picture. Ten thousand oars, with measured beat, caught the sunlight, and the bands of various regiments, with their martial music, woke the echoes of the mountains, which, as the lake narrowed, lifted high above it, upon either side, their leafy sides and rocky crests. Many a man went proudly down Lake George that day beneath the flag of England who, twenty years later, was upon this very spot to be found turning his sword against his mother country and his king. Lee was there, a hot-tempered British captain, and, curiously enough, of marked unpopularity among the provincials; Starke and Israel Putnam, too, were present, hardy and conspicuous riflemen from New England frontier farms, and Philip Schuyler, Dutch gentleman and patroon, now leading a New York company, and some day to be Washington's favourite general, and Alexander Hamilton's father-in-law. Now, however, the French peril had crushed out for the moment such germs of future movements as had already, in vague fashion, taken root. With France upon her flanks, the very existence of New England depended, whether she liked it or not, upon the mother country.

Landing for a few hours at Sabbath Day Point, twenty-five miles down the lake, the men re-embarked again at dark, and, pressing onward through the summer night, reached the foot of the lake at ten on the following morning. Montcalm's outposts had been withdrawn from here, and the bridge over the outflowing river destroyed. The British landed, therefore, without opposition; and, leaving the boats under a strong force, prepared to march down the left bank of the connecting river. Headed by Lord Howe and his light infantry, the whole force, the English in the centre and the colonials on the flanks, moved forward through a country, not only densely timbered, but encumbered with the

wreckage of fallen trees. The men forced their way through the dank tangled bush in such order as they could, till it became evident that some one had blundered, and that the column was hopelessly astray. Suddenly from the front came the sound of firing. It was the 300 men that Montcalm had sent out to feel the English advance, under his partisan captain, Langy. The denseness of the forest and the darkness of the preceding night, had been too much even for Langy's guides, and the contact was one of pure accident upon both sides. The surprise was mutual, and was followed by two hasty volleys. It was Lord Howe's rangers and light infantry that were engaged, and that gallant nobleman fell dead at the first discharge, shot through the heart. We must not concern ourselves with what might have happened but for this luckless shot in a petty skirmish, which resulted in the death or capture of nearly all Langy's men, or whether Howe's influence would have averted the catastrophe that has to be related. It is enough to say that his fall was greeted with a wail of grief throughout the army and the colonies. Mrs. Grant, so often quoted, tells us how Madame Schuyler, at whose hospitable country house, near Albany, Howe, like most of the principal officers, had spent much time, received the news: "In the afternoon a man was seen coming on horseback from the north, galloping violently, without his hat. The man galloped on, crying out that Lord Howe was killed. The mind of our good aunt had been so engrossed by her anxiety and fears for the event impending, and so impressed by the merit and unanimity of her favourite hero, that her wonted firmness sunk under this stroke, and she broke out into bitter lamentations. This had such an effect on her friends and domestics that shrieks and sobs of anguish echoed through every part of the house." Wolfe, while before Louisbourg, writes "if the report of Howe's death be true, there is an end of the expedition, for he was the spirit of that army, and the

very best officer in the king's service." Even Abercromby, in his official report, notes the universal outbreak of grief caused by his death. In Westminster Abbey may be seen a monument, somewhat unique in its origin, erected by the Government of Massachusetts, to the memory of George, Lord Viscount Howe, etc., "in testimony of the sense they had of his services and military virtues, and of the affection their officers and soldiers bore to his command."

The army, baffled by the nature of the country on the west bank and the want of guides, had to bivouac in the woods on this night, the 6th, and return in the morning to the landing-place. A day of infinite value had been lost, but this Abercromby could not know. He determined now to take the rough but direct and beaten road on the east bank of the stream and rebuild the bridge, which Montcalm had destroyed, re-crossing the river again at the farther end of it, near Ticonderoga. The invaluable and active Bradstreet was, therefore, pushed forward with a strong force on the morning of the 7th, and rapidly restored the broken bridge.

Abercromby, with the main body, came up in the evening and camped at the saw-mill for the night. He was now less than two miles from the intrenchment at Ticonderoga which Montcalm was busy finishing. He had left such guns as he had, and on which hinges a vital question, at the landing-place, six miles back. In the morning Abercromby sent what most historians, with unconscious but misleading grandiloquence, call his "chief engineer," Mr. Clerk, to report on the French defence. On this also hangs a tale. Mr. Clerk seems to have been merely a subaltern "commissioned sub-engineer and lieutenant, January 4th, 1758."* He had, therefore, been just six months in the service. The poor young man, happily perhaps for himself, died the next day—one of the victims of his own inexperience or rashness. One may well wonder at the system which left

* See Kingsford.

the safety of an important army to the judgment of a half-taught youth. It is bad enough to find Wolfe, as a then unknown and untried boy of sixteen, adjutant to his regiment at Dettingen. But this seems even worse.

In the thick forest there was only one spot from which the French position could be reconnoitred, and that was Mount Defiance, just across the mouth of the little river, within a mile of their intrenchment. It was from the top of this eminence that Clerk examined the formidable breastwork of hewn logs girdled with the *cheveaux de frise* of fallen trees in the midst of the tangled clearing, and decided that they could be carried by assault. Abercromby's information was to the effect that 6,000 Frenchmen were here, and more coming, which we know was inaccurate. He was therefore in a hurry to attack. He had left his guns at the landing-place; having brought them thus far apparently for the purpose of covering his landing in case of the opposition he expected, but, as we know, did not encounter. He now decided, on the strength of Clerk's report, to attack Montcalm's intrenchments, which, by the way, contained some artillery, with the bayonet. This initial error might have been forgiven. But that when it became apparent, it should have been persevered in at such frightful cost, is unforgivable and unforgettable. Most of the officers of that force seem to have been of the type whose mission was to enjoy themselves in peace, and in action to get themselves killed cheerfully, without criticising the tactics of their commanders. Moreover, few had seen the redoubt. There appear to have been a few dissentient voices on this occasion, probably from those who had, but they were not too insistently raised. The colonists, many of whom knew the district well, may have wondered at the tactics of the British general; but every one's blood was up, and the business at Fort William Henry had left a burning desire for revenge. "I think we were all infatuated," wrote a young officer, describ-

ing the scene by letter to Captain Knox, in Nova Scotia. Lord Howe was dead, and the brain of the army was paralysed. The pity of it all lay in the fact that Abercromby had left his guns at the landing-place, whence they could have been fetched in a few hours.

From Mount Defiance he could then have pounded the huddling mass of Frenchmen within the intrenchment at will, or knocked their defences about their ears in an hour; for they were not strong enough to venture an attack. They had only a week's provisions, and were nearly 200 miles from their base. Even if no artillery had been available, the British general, with his 15,000 men, could have surrounded them and starved them out without firing a shot. There were several alternatives, all practical certainties, and probably bloodless ones; and Montcalm knew this when, on the sole chance of having a blunderer in front of him, he staked his all on this forest ridge at Ticonderoga.

It was high noon, and a blazing sun poured its rays vertically down on the front ranks of the British columns as they moved out of the forest into that mass of tangled branches, through which they were to fight their way. The Rangers and light infantry, who had been pushed forward to drive in Montcalm's outposts, fell back on either flank as the long red lines of Grenadiers, supported by the Highlanders of the "Black Watch," over a thousand strong, all with bayonets fixed, stepped out of the shadow of the woods into the fierce sunlight. Their orders were simplicity itself: to go forward, namely, at the charge, and not fire a shot till they were within the ramparts. From the top of Mount Defiance, where Abercromby's cannon should have been stationed, 400 friendly Indians, who had just arrived with Sir William Johnson, to share the British triumph, looked cynically down with shaking heads and many deep guttural ejaculations of contempt. It might be magnificent, but it was not war according to their notions of the

game, and they absolutely refused to throw their lives away in any such midsummer madness.

It is a lamentable tale that has now to be told, and one of tragic monotony. Forcing their way through the tangled chaos of tumbled trees, the front lines of British infantry pressed on as best they could, with orders to carry by steel alone those bristling barriers behind which over 3,000 Frenchmen lay invisible and secure, with levelled muskets. As the British approached the abatis of prostrate trees, laid outwards with pointed branches, a sheet of smoke and flame burst from the eight foot log breast-work which lay behind it, and a fierce storm of bullets, mixed with grape shot, swept through the advancing ranks. In vain the survivors of that withering discharge tried to force their way through the dense network of opposing boughs and reach the foot of the wooden wall beyond. Some acquaintance with backwoods life would help the reader to more thoroughly realise the hideous nature of such an obstruction, when alive with bullets fired by a highly disciplined and protected enemy at a distance of twenty yards. The hopelessness of the task must have been obvious to any observer; but Abercromby either did not or he would not see it. It is said that he remained most of the time near the saw-mill, over a mile away, though no

imputation is cast on his personal bravery. All that remained for his soldiers was to obey his orders, and to dare and die, which they did with splendid and piteous gallantry.

The order to withhold their fire, however, was soon treated by the troops with the contempt which, under the circumstances, it deserved; but this availed them little. Here and there the head of a Frenchman showed above the rampart, as he stood on the raised platform to fire; and now and then an English bullet found its mark above or between the logs. A battery of artillery would have knocked the rude defences into splinters in an hour. but to bayonet or musket ball they were hopelessly impregnable. Regiment after regiment struggled desperately on against that fatal barrier; but



as each rush of men strove to tear their way through the immovable *frise* of branches, it was met by a storm of lead such as no troops could face and live. As each shattered column fell sullenly back, leaving a fearful tribute of dead and wounded, fresh ones came rolling on like the waves of a sea, and to break as surely at the foot of that flaming parapet. Thus went on the futile heroism and the useless slaughter. Gay young officers, whose routs and plays had so lately been a fearful joy to the simple folk of Albany, hung quivering corpses amid the fast withering leaves of the interlacing trees. Here and there a Highlander, mad with fury and contemptuous of life, had actually scaled the log wall and leaped down to certain death among the enemy. Many are the tales that have come down to us of deeds of personal heroism performed upon that bloody day; but where all were heroes it matters less that there is no space for them. Now and again there was a lull, born of sheer exhaustion, the smoke lifted from the deadly clearing, and men may well have looked for some word from their sphinx-like general; but Abercromby gave no sign, except, with imperturbable fatuity, to persist in his mad course. Fresh troops were ordered forward, and with them returned to the charge the survivors of the last attacks. There was no sign of hesitation throughout the whole of those terrible four hours, and never was greater gallantry shown in an effort so lamentably superfluous.

"It was in vain at last," says Warburton, "as it was at first; and upon that rude barrier, which the simplest manœuvres would have avoided, or an hour of well plied artillery swept away, the flower of British chivalry was crushed and broken."

"The scene was frightful," writes Parkman; "masses of infuriated men, who could not go forward and would not go back, straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing at an enemy they could not see."

It was within a day of being the third anniversary of Braddock's defeat,

and, as on that fatal field, the full heat of the hottest period of the American summer simmered in the smoke-charged clearing, which even the warm lake breezes could not reach. It was five o'clock, and nearly four hours of this insensate work had not daunted the spirit of these gallant men. For it was at this moment that the most furious onslaught of the whole day was made upon the French right. Then, and then only for a few brief minutes, was Montcalm's position in danger, and he had to hurry in person with a strong support to where a group of Highlanders, with superb indifference to death, were making their way up and over the parapet. But the gallant effort was fruitless. It was the last of the succession of furious attacks to which Montcalm does full justice, marvelling in his heart at the madness which inspired them, and welling over with gratitude at his good fortune. One or two more half-hearted and despairing attempts were made upon the deadly lines, when the General, recognising at six o'clock what he should have seen at one, gave the order to retire. Then amid some desultory firing of colonials and Rangers, from the bordering forest, the shattered British regiments fell back to the saw-mill, whither the wounded had been previously conveyed in batches, and those yet to be gathered from the battlefield were subsequently taken. The French had done enough. They were as exhausted with the great strain of their victory as they were exalted, and made no attempt to molest the retreat, and the British army spent that night in peace at the saw-mill. Burning both mill and bridge, they then marched the six miles to the landing-place, and there embarked, with sad hearts and boat-loads of wounded, on the very spot where, two days before, they had landed in all the pride and confidence of anticipated victory. One hears sometimes of a certain amount of panic accompanying this retreat, but there seems no direct evidence to this effect, and it is entirely against reason, though Abercromby

did believe there to be 6,000 Frenchmen inside the barricade, and that reinforcements were close at hand. As a matter of fact, the French fully expected another attack; but Abercromby, though he had still over 13,000 men behind him, abandoned all thought of further action, and put his large force again into camp at his base on the head of Lake George.

It now remained but to count the cost, and this was frightful. Very nearly 2,000 men had fallen in a short quarter of a summer day, and the greater part of these were of the 6,000 regulars, who had borne the chief part of the affray. Three hundred provincials only figure in the returns; but no half-disciplined militia, without bayonets, however brave, could have been launched upon a task so obviously hopeless. For sheer intrepidity, however, the "Black Watch" must bear off the palm on a day as memorable for individual heroism as for concrete failure. This fine regiment, "every-one of whose soldiers," says a contemporary writer, who knew them intimately, "considered himself as raised somewhat above the rank of a common man," went into action over 1,000 strong, and came out 499. The French loss was over 400, though de Bourlamaque was seriously, and de Bougainville slightly wounded.

There were some other incidents in the battle, but they pale into insignificance compared with the sustained frontal attack. The strips of densely wooded swamp on either side of the intrenchments were guarded by Canadians and Indians, and Abercromby's provincials made several futile attempts to dislodge them. Bradstreet, too, had brought some bateaux over land from Lake George, and these were filled with riflemen and floated on the river, in the flank of the French position; but cannon were brought to bear on the crowded boats, to their complete discomfiture, two or three of them being actually sunk. In the heat of the frontal attack there occurred one of those misunderstandings, or worse, that is strangely suggestive

of operations proceeding at this very moment in another continent. A captain of the Royal Roussillon regiment tied a flag to the end of a musket, and waved it towards a British column in the act of attacking. The latter took it as a sign of surrender, and, crossing their muskets on their breasts, with their muzzles in the air, stepped innocently forward toward the abattis. The French troops, on their part, and, of a truth, with unaccountable simplicity, if it be true, regarded the action of the British as denoting surrender, and they ceased firing, preparatory to receiving them within the breastwork. Whether the waving of the flag was an instance of that "slimness" for which the South African Boer is noted, or was merely a meaningless and sudden impulse on the part of the French captain, is uncertain. But another captain (Pouchot), who tells the tale, describes how he arrived on the scene at this moment, and saw the English line advancing and the French standing quietly awaiting them with grounded arms. Knowing nothing of what had gone before, he shouted to the French soldiers to follow, or the English would assuredly capture them. A volley was then delivered, which, according to the same officer, killed or wounded about 200 of the unsuspecting British. There was great indignation at the time among the latter, but it seems probable that no bad faith was intended. A famous legend, too, surrounds the memory of one of the victims of this bloody field, and must by no means be overlooked.

It so happened that a certain Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe Castle, was at this time a major of the "Black Watch." Some years previously, and before the regiment was raised, so runs the story, he chanced to be sitting alone at midnight in the hall of his old castle, when suddenly there came a knocking at the gate. Going out himself he found a blood-stained Highlander, worn and torn with travel, who confessed to having killed a man in a fray, and to being closely pursued by officers of the law, and entreated

the laird to give him shelter and protection. The latter consented, but the fugitive was not satisfied till Campbell had sworn secrecy on his dirk, which he somewhat rashly did. He had scarcely hidden him away when there was a fresh hammering at the castle gate, which proved to be the avengers of the law on the fugitive's track. These informed Campbell that his cousin Donald had just been murdered and that the murderer was somewhere in the neighbourhood. The laird was greatly perturbed, but, remembering his oath, professed to know nothing of the matter. That night, as may well be supposed, sleep did not come readily to his eyes; and before long was effectually banished by the dread presence of the murdered man, who suddenly appeared at his bedside, and in a sepulchral voice addressed him thus: "Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed; shield not the murderer."

Campbell was so horrified, that the next day, though he would not break his oath, he refused any longer to keep the guilty fugitive beneath his roof, but took him out to the hills and hid him in a cave. This, however, would not suffice to lay the ghost of his murdered cousin, which appeared to him again the next night, repeating the same significant injunction. Campbell, distraught with superstitious fears, hastened at dawn of day to the mountains; but the cave where he had hidden his unbidden guest was empty—the murderer had flown.

Once more, on the following night, the ghastly vision stood by Campbell's bedside. Its attitude was not so menacing, but its words were perhaps yet more significant: "Farewell, Inverawe; farewell till we meet at *Ticonderoga*."

Now at that early time neither Campbell nor perhaps any other British officer, had so much as heard the name of the obscure backwoods post; so he marvelled greatly what this strange arrangement of letters might mean, and for this very reason it remained indelibly imprinted on his mind.

Two or three years afterwards the

42nd was raised, and in due course ordered to America, and, as we have seen, became part of the force operating against Ticonderoga, which till then had been usually known by its French name of Carillon. When Duncan Campbell first heard the strange word that had lain half dormant but unforgotten in his mind for years, and that he was to attack the place which it signified, he gave himself up for lost; and, though a valiant soldier, succumbed to the mental depression which a strong presentiment is apt to produce on superstitious natures, however brave. His brother officers tried by various ruses to make him think it was not actually Ticonderoga they were about to attack. But on the morning of the 8th—the fatal day—he remarked gloomily to those about him that it was idle attempting to deceive him, for that very night he had again seen the apparition, which on this occasion had uttered but three words: "*This is Ticonderoga*." "And this day," said the major, "I shall fall." Fall he did, and was carried wounded to Fort Edward, on the Hudson, where he shortly afterwards died. His grave may yet be seen, and on the stone above it may be read: "Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack of the Retrenchment of Ticonderoga or Carillon on the 8th July, 1758."

We must pass over the justifiable exultation of the 3,000 and odd brave Frenchmen who stood that day so staunchly behind their log breastworks, the letters that were written, the pæans that were sung, the triumph that resounded throughout France and Canada, to say nothing of the inevitable exaggerations that went out concerning an achievement that indeed required none. Montcalm, when he heard of Louisbourg, expressed a wish that his Ticonderoga heroes had been there. But in so doing his pen ran away with him. He did an injustice to his equally brave troops in Cape

Breton, and forgot for the moment that a single half-battery of Amherst's guns would have blown his wooden ramparts into fragments, and that he owed his triumph, and even his own safety, to a blunder, that he must have well known was outside every calculation of war.

Such was Ticonderoga, the least remembered, though one of the bloodiest, most desperate and most dramatic battles of our history, at once a glory and a shame. The schoolboy has never heard of it; the journalist, who in these stirring times is called upon to summarise the triumphs and defeats of bygone days, seems often in like plight. Thackeray's *Virginians* is probably responsible for much of the recollection that survives of the Monongahela, though Braddock had not nearly as many men in action as fell at Ticonderoga. Cooper was not so fortunate in fastening upon the public mind that Homeric contest on Lake Champlain, which was, perhaps, the most humiliating reverse we ever suffered at the hands of the French, and a fight that, save for Burgoyne's surrender, far overshadows any of the numerous conflicts fought in that historic region. For yet another generation was to wake the echoes of these noble solitudes with a strife as bitter, and on an issue only less momentous than this one. It is a popular impression that North America is barren of associations, that its natural beauties lack the atmosphere of history, legend and tradition. It is not so much the lack of these as the lack of equipment to appreciate them, that is at fault. He would be a callous wight indeed, who, thus equipped, could stand upon the shores of Lake George and feel no thrill but what its physical features awakened. If eighteenth century life be accounted sufficiently remote to appeal to the historic fancy—which it surely is—think with what infinite picturesqueness, with what fulness of romance, its quaint figures, its stirring pageants grouped themselves upon a canvas, in itself so exquisitely fair. Not once or twice, as a fleeting

vision, but year after year passed backwards and forwards the motley martial throng: frilled and powdered dandies of the second George's time, in scarlet and lace and gold; no less punctilious exquisites from the outer circles, at least, of Louis XV's brilliant Court; long-skirted, gaitered, pig-tailed soldiers in red or white, from Devon and Yorkshire villages, from the orchards of Normandy, and from the slopes of the Pyrenees. Fair-haired Germans and hardy Switzers were here; keen soldiers of fortune some, others simple hirelings; savages, too, of tribes innumerable, in bark canoes all painted and be-feathered with the immoderate profusion of those primitive days; wild, bearded, lion-hearted Rangers, in fringed hunting shirts and coon-skin caps, and masses of hardy, God-fearing rustics in blue or homespun, from Connecticut and Massachusetts farms.

The very contrasts, in a country that has lived at double speed, gives the past a greater aloofness and a stronger fascination; and never surely was war more picturesque than here. It is not much more than a century since the last cannon shot was fired, and the last actors in the final scene, that of the revolutionary war, passed from the stage. Yet what an age, however, in this new world it seems, and how vast the change! These ancient battle-fields are now the playground of an abounding population, from teeming cities that were then but trifling villages or frontier forts. The beauty of lake and mountain and forest is still here. The grey ruins of Ticonderoga may yet be seen, mouldering amid the throb of modern life. But villages and hamlets and huge hotels, gay with holiday-makers, cluster on the shores. Steamers and pleasure-boats ply joyously along the bays and through island channels, where of old scalp-hunting Indians and Rangers crouched for their prey amid the rocks and reeds. The engine screams along the banks, now smooth by comparison, and long shorn of the tangled wilderness, where red-

coats blundered into ambushes, and even the ranger was sometimes at fault. But beneath the wheels of panting trains or the hurrying feet of careless tourists, and sometimes, perhaps, even yet, amid the murmur of pine and hemlock woods, there sleep unnumbered and forgotten dead—

French and English, colonist and Indian, Dutch and German, who fell here when the fate of America was yet hanging in the balance, and its greater portion still lay wrapped in the silence of unbroken forest or untrodden prairie.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE UNKNOWNING

BY VIRNA SHEARD

IF the bird knew how through the wintry weather
An empty nest would swing by day and night,
It would not weave the strands so close together
Or sing for such delight.

And if the rosebud dreamed e'er its awaking
How soon its perfumed leaves would drift apart,
Perchance 'twould fold them close to still the aching
Within its golden heart.

If the brown brook that hurries through the grasses
Knew of drowned sailors,—and of storms to be,—
Methinks 'twould wait a little e'er it passes
To meet the old gray sea.

If youth could understand the tears and sorrow,
The sombre days that age and knowledge bring,
It would not be so eager for the morrow
Or spendthrift of the Spring.

If love but learned how soon life treads its measure,
How short and swift its hours when all is told,
Each kiss and tender word 'twould count and treasure,
As misers count their gold.

OUR MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER

A DETECTIVE STORY

By ROBERT DAWSON RUDOLF



HE last whistle had gone, the good-byes had all been said and the little tender, the final link between us and Old England, was edging away from our side. The great screw was thumping at quarter speed and we were slowly gliding down the river Mersey when a little steam-launch darted after us and, bringing up alongside, allowed a man with a small bag in his hand to leap on to the flimsy platform, which was grudgingly lowered for him from the great ship's side. "The proverbial late passenger," "Why can't people be in time?" grumbled the old stagers, and then disappeared below to arrange their cabins before dinner; while the green ones stayed on deck, and watched the low shores gradually disappear in the distance and gathering gloom.

I myself belonged to the former class of passengers and soon, having donned a slouch-cap, made my way to the smoking room, where, during the many voyages which I had to make, most of my waking hours were wont to be spent. But quick as I was in getting there, the late passenger had already put in an appearance, and soon he and I were talking away and discussing the last news, which we would have for some days—nothing of importance certainly; a small railway accident, a bank robbery and a mysterious murder were the chief items which the papers spread through many columns. As regards the last item, the rumour was that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool and it was suspected that he would try to get away by one of the outward bound vessels. "By Jove, I hope he is not on board here," exclaimed my companion, as he rang for drinks and proffered me a second cigar.

Much travelling and mixing with my

fellow men have made me very chary of voluble strangers, but this man seemed to be an exception and, before we had been talking for an hour, we were the best of friends and had exchanged cards and found mutual acquaintances which made us remark, as people always do on such occasions, that the World was small.

J. A. SMITH,
Representing
Jones Brown & Son,
Wholesale Provision Merchants,
London,

was the inscription on his card. It seemed that he had decided at the very last moment to cross by this boat to Canada and had not even had time to get a ticket at the office. Thus it was that I proposed that he should occupy the spare berth in my cabin and, hunting up the purser, we soon arranged this and also for seats at the same table in the saloon.

My new friend was a neatly dressed man of perhaps forty years of age, of medium height, with curly brown hair and a keen searching eye, which gave one the impression that he was "all there."

At dinner he proved to be the life of our table and this first meal, which as a rule is a thing to be dreaded, owing to the suspicious reserve of the average Britisher on such occasions, passed off with much merriment, of which Smith was the centre. Afterwards in the smoking-room, his stories kept us spellbound for hours and no one even proposed cards this first evening.

Never did I see a man so quick at making friends as was this cabin mate of mine. Before we had been out three days, he knew every male saloon passenger intimately and called many by their Christian names. He did not

seem to care much for the society of the gentler sex and we all laughed at his excuse that he was shy. "Jim Smith shy indeed!" We all called him Jim Smith by now and some even Jim. A more open-handed fellow it would be hard to find and he never seemed to take offence at the free way in which his generosity was abused by some of the shabbier passengers. He would bring a whole box of cigars up to the smoking-room and give them away in handfuls. While not averse to a game of cards, his chief amusement seemed to be talking, and when the rest of the smoking-room habitués were deep in poker, he would as often as not take up with one of the quieter passengers and sit talking, or would walk the deck with him for hours.

The weather had been fine so far, but there are always some people who are sea-sick however calm it be, and there were several such on board. Smith made some excuse about perhaps knowing some of the invalids to hunt them up in their cabins, one by one. There he would stay by the hour, prescribing champagne and generally acting the good Samaritan to these neglected ones.

The intermediate passengers next began to enjoy his friendship, and for a day or two he charmed them as he had done us. Intermediate passengers are usually rather sensitive about their position and think that the saloon ones are "sidey," as there is not usually much intercourse between the classes; but here was a gentleman after their own hearts and they welcomed him with enthusiasm. But they did not please him as much as he did them and soon he deserted them for the steerage. I attempted to remonstrate with him one evening, as we were going in to dinner and he had been forward the whole day, but only got snubbed for my pains. Soon the sailors were his chums and then the stokers; he would be down in the stoke-hole for hours, taking a hand as he laughingly told me, and certainly getting very dirty. This was the last straw and the saloon passengers sent

a deputation to the captain, and I gladly joined it, requesting that Mr. Smith should not be permitted to enter the saloon if he should persist in getting dirty "for'd." The captain sent for the accused, and his very appearance condemned him as he emerged from a companion-way leading from the stoke-hole and slouched aft, dirty, ill-dressed and hang-dog looking. What a change since the first day, when he had captured us by his charm of person and conversation! The captain's remonstrance only called forth an indignant reply to the effect that the stokers were a better lot of men than all the rest of us put together.

Nothing remained but for us to put him "into Coventry," and this we did most thoroughly. I moved to another cabin and the seat on either side of him at table became vacant. At each meal he would appear, eat silently and then at once go for'd again. As if to complete his descent in the social scale, he became specially attached to a down-draft rascal of a stoker and the two were inseparable. One day this scoundrel refused to carry out some order and, on his being pressed to do so, struck the officer on duty with a shovel. He was at once arrested and put in irons. Smith was indignant, but could do nothing, nor could he get a sympathetic ear when he tried to defend his shady friend.

About the time that the Canadian coast first came in view a rumour was started, no one knew by whom, that this versatile man, this J. A. Smith as he called himself, might be the murderer, who was expected to have escaped from Liverpool by one of the outward bound vessels on the day that we left. Some one reminded the smoke-room audience that the fellow had boarded us *after* the police officer, who had looked through the ship, had left on the tender. A large reward had been offered, so the last papers said, to anyone who would give information which would lead to the villain's arrest, and it was interesting to note what a run there was on these week-old papers. One man—an old Jew—was

seen cutting out the meagre description of the wanted fugitive. Certainly this description might have been of Smith, but equally so of half a dozen other men on board, so indefinite was it.

More than ever, if possible, we avoided the man. Some were for having him arrested at once, but a lawyer amongst us voiced the general opinion that this was out of the question and, besides, he was safe enough whilst miles of ocean rolled between us and the nearest shore.

This was the state of things on the morning when we were hailed by the pilot. Many were the speculations as to whether the authorities at home could have tracked the murderer by now, and whether an officer would not be on board the pilot boat to arrest him. But no, only the weather-beaten old man, whom I had often seen before, scrambled up the side. He brought off with him a bundle of newspapers which we were soon eagerly perusing, but nothing much had happened in the eight days during which we had been lost to the world. A few lines in a Canadian paper said that the murderer had been tracked to Liverpool, but we knew that much already and thought that we knew a good deal more.

The captain wanted to put a couple of stowaways ashore by the pilot boat, one of them being the refractory stoker, but Smith made such an uproar about this, vowing that he would go with his friend and would write to the papers, so that the "old man" weakly gave in, and started again for Quebec. Some hinted that the captain did not want to lose Smith and the possible reward for the detection of the murderer.

We reached Quebec late at night and a cold night at that. The stowaways were at once ordered on shore and again Smith raised a hubbub about such cruelty. "Well, anyhow, if the stoker must go then he would go with him and he should have his top coat." We watched the strange couple go down the gangway arm and arm, and an out-and-out pair of rascals they looked. "But Smith must be the

wanted man all the same," someone was muttering, when, hullo! what is happening?—a scuffle on the wharf and several loafers there are all grabbing the stoker at once, while Smith stands aside from his quondam friend and coolly lights a cigarette, a smile of quiet triumph the while spreading over his face and chasing away from it the rascally hang-dog look which it had worn for days.

We watched the stoker dragged, struggling and horror stricken, to a police van which was waiting near by, and then Smith, heaving what looked like a sigh of contented relief, stepped smiling up the gangway again into our midst.

He made straight for the captain, who stood as one dazed, and the two disappeared into the latter's cabin, but before long emerged laughing and the best of friends. Then Smith mixed with the passengers, all his old cheerful manner once more upon him, and soon we learned the truth of his strange doings.

It seems that he was a detective officer of well-known Scotland Yard repute. The authorities in London had learned, as we had already heard, that the murderer of whom we had read had got as far as Liverpool and they thought that he would try to escape on one of the three vessels sailing when we did. So an officer was ordered to board each of the three steamers, and thus Detective Officer Robinson (alias J. A. Smith) travelled with us. He did not know whether his quarry was on board at all; much less did he know in what capacity he would travel, and hence he decided to make the acquaintance of every man on board, hoping thus to come across his man. It will be remembered that the authorities had only the most meagre knowledge of the murderer's appearance. We had been at sea for nearly a week and he had suspected several of the passengers, *myself* amongst the number so he said, before he came across the stowaway who was working as a stoker. Him he spotted in some way, and from

that moment stuck to him, as we had seen. At the pilot station he was afraid that he was going to lose him, but, as we saw, persuaded the captain to take him on to Quebec and himself sent a cypher message to the police at that port to be in waiting for us.

When asked why he had not arrested his man as soon as he had recognised him, he replied that he had made friends with him instead and had thus extracted much evidence of the man's guilt.

How he soothed the ruffled feelings of the "old man" for not having con-

fided in him we never heard, but he somehow succeeded thoroughly, and as he shook hands all round and went ashore for the second time, we raised a cheer for our friend "Jim Smith," who had suffered so much at our hands.

He left Quebec that night on an outward-bound mail steamer for Liverpool with his man, and we heard some time later that the murderer was convicted and hanged for the perpetration of as dastardly and cold-blooded a crime as had occurred in recent years.

A REFLECTION

BY ROBERT ELLIS CRINGAN

IN a hammock one day,
In the usual way,
Can you guess what these two were about?
The youth seemed afraid
Lest the dear little maid
Should somehow or other fall out.

But they looked quite sedate
In their quiet tête-à-tête,
For a grim, eagle-eyed chaperone
Kept the atmosphere tense,
While they wished she'd have sense
To attend to affairs of her own.

How her soft hand he pressed,
As his strong arm caressed,
From in front none could possibly see;
But sly looks spoiled the game,
For the matronly dame
Guessed their meaning, and chuckled with glee:

"If a mirror I'd find
And place it behind,
I think there would be a fine fuss!"
Said the maid, with a wink,
"Oh Dear! Don't you think
That is quite a reflection on us?"

DRIVER DICK'S LAST RUN

A RAILWAY STORY

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

HO, there, Dick, wake up! You go out in thirty minutes. Hi, Dick! Dick! I say, Dick, roll out. Despatcher's orders. No palaver. Come, get goin'. Dick! you morphine-eater, I'll maul you if—"

"Eleven loads, seven empty, eighteen all," mumbled the sleeping man. "Clear for No. 8 at Haysville, open track to—" But a violent wrench of the nose brought Dick to a sitting posture. After contorting himself in a couple of heavy yawns he drawled to the one-legged man beside the bed. "Hello, Stumpy, what's doing?"

"You're doin', or, at least, ought to be. You take out a special with the Superintendent at 2.30. You've less than thirty minutes, so cut loose."

"Not any for me, Stumpy. Tell the old man I ain't well; I'm down with grip. Tell him I broke my leg on the front steps, and my wife has smallpox. Tell him anything under heaven, but give me eight hours' sleep. Fifty-six hours on duty, and a hundred minutes in bed! It's against human nature. I ain't going," and he snuggled down among the blankets.

But Stumpy had wakened weary trainmen before. With one dexterous sweep of the arm he whipped the blankets clear of the bed.

"Come, Dick, no nonsense. You simply must get up. No. 6 is snowed up at the end of the line, and you've to take out a special and get her clear. Hustle now!"

"Can't you get some one else? Where's Graham?"

"Hospital with pneumonia. On duty seventy-two hours. Bad cold. May go hard with him," briefly explained Stumpy.

"How about Stuart?"

"Ran into an open switch and broke his leg."

"Lucky dog! Try McKenzie, then."

"He's taking a wrecker out on the main. It's no go, Dick. The Sup. is going on that train, and you are going to pull him," and Stumpy's wooden member clattered down the stairs.

"And they wonder why, sometimes, a man runs full-steam into eternity," soliloquised Dick, as he hastily drew on the clothes that were still warm. "Fifty-six hours on duty, and a hundred minutes in bed, and only a twisted rail, or a broken flange, or a careless signal-man between me and the Judgment Seat! Sitting there, hour after hour, with the glint of that everlasting thread of steel tugging at sleepy eyelids, and Old Snorter panting a lullaby in one's ears. O, sometimes it happens! Then the wrecker pulls up, and while the doctors inspect the ghastly heaps on the bank, the reporters and sightseers stand by the scrap-heap. 'That's where they pulled him out,' says one. 'He and his fireman crushed to jelly. Brakes set; engine reversed, but too late.'"

"Then a fool newspaper runs out a scare-head: 'Engineer Disregards Signal—Plunges Scores into Eternity—Stuck to his Post at Last.' O yes, did you ever hear of an engineer dodging death when the crash came? No, sir! not even for his wife and children! But the paper doesn't say that the sleep from which that engineer wakes in eternity began ten, fifteen, twenty miles before the wreck."

Dick heard the gate latch behind him as he turned up the street. "Well paid for it, are we? Yes, a twentieth part of what the G.M. draws. And we invest more than he does. Just our prospects of old age."

A gusty wind swept little eddies of fine snow across the tracks. The electric light threw the shadows of falling flakes upon the whitened earth,

so that it seemed alive with insects. The moon was at the full, but only a misty dimness struggled through the leaden banks of cloud.

No. 360 stood on a siding with her fog up. Harry, the fireman, dozed peacefully on his cushions. Dick had scarce reached his seat when Baker poked in his head.

"Hello, Dick, you pull me to-night, do you? Well, we've an open run, so cut her loose," he said, as he handed up the order sheet.

"What's our load?" asked Dick.

"Four coals to give you weight, the Sup.'s car and my dog-house. Give the old man a whirl for his whiskers."

Dick studied his order sheet. "Con. Baker, Driver Henderson," he read. "No. 10, special. Open track over entire division. Run regardless of time. Stop for orders at division terminal."

Harry slept peacefully. "All right, old boy, take it easy for a while," said Dick, as he threw on a few shovelfuls of coal. He opened the blower and in a few minutes heard his safety threatening. Forward went the reversing lever; then, as he gradually opened the throttle, he felt the drivers grip the rails and the engine swing ahead. In a train-length he was hitting a twenty-mile clip.

The swirling snow dashed against the cab windows, and at times he could not see the track. Suddenly a red reflection flickered by the cab. "Woo-ooop," said Dick, as he slammed in the throttle and opened the air brakes. "Only a tail-light, likely," said he, "but I'd better go back and make sure." Slowly he backed up, and at last passed a red signal-lantern. "On the left-hand side, and in such a night as this," he muttered. "O well, some signal-men were born fools."

Twenty, thirty, forty minutes passed, and not a soul had been seen or heard. Half a dozen times Dick felt himself falling asleep, and as often waked up with a start. All the others of the crew were sound asleep, and as the minutes dragged on Dick began to wonder if the signal had not been a

mistake. A switchman might have carelessly set down his lantern. His orders read "Open track," and he was about to start out again, when his trained nerves detected a slight vibration. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come until the earth fairly shook. Suddenly the headlight of the belated "limited" loomed up through the mist of snow; twenty yards in front it took the switch and with a roar rushed by, its flickering tail-lights dying out of sight in a minute. Simultaneously a man emerged from the darkness, picked up the signal-lantern and silently disappeared.

"They'll never know how close their shave was," said Dick, as he opened the throttle.

Two hours later, and Dick still sat at his post, his hand on the throttle, his face a mass of stoic inexpressiveness, his eyes peering out into the darkness that kept ever falling away before the advancing headlight. For an hour he had not moved so much as a finger. Harry had fired for men that he had to wake every fifteen minutes on a night run, but he knew Dick. "All I have to do," said Harry, "is to keep on a hundred and forty and my flues wet, and Dick will do the rest."

It was an hour before daybreak. The heavy clouds that had obscured the moon for most of the night were beginning to scatter, and at intervals a flood of hazy light fell over a desert of sparkling snow. At places there were drifts across the track, but the snow was loose, and the high speed of the train, with the momentum of her hundred and twenty tons of coal, carried her safely through.

Suddenly, in an interval of moonlight, Dick fancied he caught the glint of something red up the track. The throttle went in with a chuck; the brakes gripped and sputtered on thirty pairs of wheels, and the train came to a stop.

Directly in front was a danger signal, a signal that has many a time spelt danger and death to the foes of Britain, but which never before, perhaps, was

used to flag a railway train. Dick, thinking his eyes deceived him, threw open his glass front; then sank back on his cushion with a slight cry. He was no weakling; a locomotive cab is not the place for a coward, but the blood seemed to halt in his veins, and he seized a lever to steady himself. "Go back for Baker," he whispered, hoarsely.

There, between the metals, and a rail-length ahead, planted up to the waist in snow, stood the body of a mounted policeman—dead, stone dead, the frozen face twisted in its death contortions, and the whitened eyeballs gleaming horribly in the glare of the headlight.

Before Harry was back with the conductor and brakeman, Dick's nerve had returned, and he was down beside the dead body. The frame was perfectly solid; it might have been frozen for days. On their arrival on the spot Baker and his brakeman stood aghast, but scarcely a word was spoken. Explanations were impossible; the situation even defied speculation.

Reverently the four men raised the lifeless body in their arms. As they did so Dick felt a solid mass on the chest, and, on examining it, found it to be frozen blood. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he staggered back, "the man's been murdered!"

The statement could not be disputed, and with blanched faces the train crew, so tragically converted into pallbearers, stared at each other. But there was only one course, to place the body in the caboose and report the matter at the next telegraph office.

The moon was again obscured when Dick and Harry climbed into the cab, each with a strange unsteadiness after the nerve-wrecking experience of the preceding ten minutes. But their adventures had only begun, as they were soon to learn. Two revolvers flashed in their faces, and a low voice said, "Now, don't make a fuss; we don't want to kill you unless we have to. Do as you're told and you'll get out of this unharmed, but try to jolly us and you'll share the fate of that lion's cub you just carried back there."

Such a proposition admitted of no argument, and no matter how many armchair theories a man may have, when the alternative is represented by a loaded revolver there is just one thing he is going to do, and that is—obey. Dick mustered his self-control as best he could, and asked quietly, "What is your pleasure, gents?"

"Now that's like it," said one of the party, which now proved to consist of two persons. "Glad to see you're sensible. Had to shoot a man the other day for being foolish. You just get up in your seat and run us ahead to Turner's bridge and stop there. That's all we'll trouble you to do. We don't want your money, watches, or anything else. We're after bigger stakes to-night."

"What's the scheme?" asked Dick, as he took his seat. "We've no valuables aboard. You must have stopped the wrong train."

"O, I guess not," said the other, quietly. "You've the Superintendent on board, and that's what we're after. Reckon the company wouldn't stop at twenty thousand to get him back safe and sound."

Like a flash the whole plan went through the engineer's mind. He recalled having read a day or two before, as they took water at a mail town, of a band of outlaws that, with headquarters on the United States side, were plying their business in this territory. A mounted policeman had gone in quest of them single-handed, and as he had failed to return it was feared that foul play had befallen him. Now this nefarious gang had used their victim for a stop-signal, and actually proposed to kidnap the Superintendent. Well, they were going to fail, he told himself as he opened the throttle.

It was but a short distance to Turner's bridge, and Dick's brain was working like mad as they sped along. Gradually he notched the reversing lever forward, closing the throttle a little to hold down the speed. In his left hand he fumbled carelessly a heavy wrench. Harry was on the tender

getting coal. Suddenly, and as if by accident, Dick lurched forward, falling from his seat. As he went, with his right hand he jerked the throttle wide open, and the iron monster darted forward like a spirited steed from its master's whip; with his left hand he smashed the water glass.

In an instant the cab was full of steam and water. Two revolver bullets flattened themselves against the boiler. On his hands and knees Dick crawled away from the furnace door, taking his share of the scalding water. It's an engineer's duty to be parboiled if necessary.

Groping along the cab floor, at the doorway his hand fell on a felt boot. Firemen don't wear felt boots, so it couldn't be Harry. Dick raised his wrench and struck with all his might where he supposed the body would be. He fancied he heard a choking groan as the resistance gave way and the foot slipped from the cab.

But with the other outlaw he was less successful. Scarce had they stumbled together when wiry fingers closed about his throat, and Dick knew it was a life-and-death struggle. Short and sanguinary it was. The men swayed in each other's arms; the hissing steam, the scalding water, the rushing, swinging locomotive, forgotten in that last vital contest for the mastery. Suddenly, above the din came the hollow roar of Turner's bridge, and at the same moment the struggling men swung outward, slipped, and dashed downward into the darkness.

An hour later they picked him up, stiff and pallid, but still alive. His bed of soft snow had saved him alike from death by falling, and from revenge from the check-mated outlaws, who had searched for him in vain. What became of his two passengers he never learned—but the Superintendent was safe.

"Henderson," said the Superintendent, a week later, "I want to do the

right thing with you. You've been off duty since the—event. Now we're going to give you No. 4 on the——line. It's the best run on the system. Highest pay, short and regular hours, and home every night."

"I am deeply grateful," said Dick, "but I—I can't take it."

"I know," said the Superintendent, "that it's no proper return for your sacrifice, but it's the best I have to offer just now. As soon as I can do better, I will."

"It's not that, sir, not that. But the fact is I have decided to quit engine-driving for good."

"Why Henderson!"

"It's like this. I like the business, but my nerve's gone. Every danger signal would now raise up that pallid face with the gleaming, sightless eyes. Ugh! Yes," he added with a pathetic mournfulness in his voice, "I am a broken man."

The Superintendent sat for some minutes in deep thought. "I have it," he at last cried, with the eagerness of a school-boy; "I have it! We are opening a division terminal at Bay-view. It's a beautiful place—lake in front, hills and forest behind, a rolling prairie away to the south. Take your wife and family out there, buy an acre or two of land, and build up your home in peace. The company will give you a position as locomotive inspector, with a salary of twenty-five hundred. What do you say?"

"It's done," answered Dick, quietly. Engineers learn to make quick decisions.

As the two men shook hands the Superintendent dwelt on Dick's devotion to himself and the company.

"Well, it wasn't that that made me do it."

"What, then?" queried the official. On the wall hung a painting of the famous "Birkenhead Drill." "I guess it was because I have some of that blood in me," said Dick, as he pointed to the picture.

QUEEN'S PAWN *

BY VERNON NOTT

"ONE of the Colonial troops, who was a chess-player, and was carrying a little set of ivory chessmen in his haversack, was wounded during the Mounted Infantry reconnaissance to Brandfort, and was left on the field. When he was found the next day, he was dead. On a stone beside him, he had placed his water-bottle—and upon it, a pawn."

Only a pawn!
Of little account in the changing game,
Where another his place can take:
What matters a pawn, one more or less,
To them that play in this game of chess,
With the ancient honour of Britain's name
Laid by the board for a stake?
Think you the players, in strength of their pride,
Will turn from their moves to mourn by the side
Of so small a piece—who merely died
For his queen and country's sake?
Ah, they never could stay, in the game they play,
For only a pawn.

Only a pawn
Who quickly sprang to his brothers' cry
That echo'd over the sea;
And reck'd but little of toil or pain,
If only the players a point should gain—
But, if players need, the pawn must die,
The rules of the game decree.
Yet out in a Colony, far away,
A wife and children to God would pray
To keep the pawn, while he fought the fray,
From sword and sickness free.
Is the grief less deep in their hearts, who weep
For only a pawn?

Only a pawn!
No carven marble will mark the place
Where is lifting a lonely grave:
No nation mourn'd when, with whisper'd prayer
For peace to the soul, they laid him there
'Neath the soil of an alien race.
Sing we the song of the brave!
Of the pawn that died in a noble fight;
Of the spirit fled to far realms of light,
Where king and queen and bishop and knight
To the hero a welcome gave.
So honour his fame, who died in the game—
Though only a pawn.

*From "The Journey's End and Other Verses," by Vernon Nott. Montreal: A. T. Chapman.



The Tenant Who Rented A Heart

BY FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL

"YOU are quite mistaken," said the Girl. "I never knew you until lately. I never even saw you before you took possession of my rooms."

But the New Tenant, who had grown familiar of late, was equally insistent to the contrary. "I never forget a heart, though I don't always recognise faces," he said. "I'll admit your rooms have changed, if you like, since I looked at them before, but I once knew these quarters well, and I have not forgotten how bright and sunny they were."

"But this is so stupid of you," said the Girl. "I'll confess I am very much interested in you just now, and have been for some weeks, but if I had known you before, long ago, I could not have forgotten the fact."

"Ah, but you persist in thinking of appearances and faces," said the New Acquaintance. "Can't you look deeper?"

She gazed at him long and steadily. "You *do* remind me of some one," she said at last, "but someone I should never then have dreamed might turn out to be you—"

"Because you would not know me

then," he said, reproachfully. "You drove me away, put me out of your life, disowned me. You declared I thrust myself on you, hurt your pride, lowered your self-respect—and you shut your door in my face, in short. Ah, I see you are beginning to remember! Yet I was *I* when you did not care to continue my acquaintance—just as much then as now, when you think me a fit person to associate with; it is only circumstances that have changed. Well, you would have nothing to do with me, and though some think me a pushing individual, often coming when not wanted, I respected your wishes, and went. That was because I had not known you long enough to make you feel my power. Now it is different: you could not send me away to-day, could you?—now when you have nothing against my character, when the barriers of conventionality are broken—*could* you send me away in polite dismissal, and tear up the lease?"

"No," said the Girl, faintly. "Not now."

"But what if it be just as bad for you to know me as before? What if the barrier which you thought broken still exists?"

"How can you torture me so?" she cried. "You know it is not true. His wife is dead—is dead—and I am only learning to live. You have often told me that."

"But suppose that was a cruel prank fate played, and that you are *not* free to choose your acquaintance

as you wish—I am still an outlaw—I should still be forbidden to find rest in your heart. Will you drive me out again, now, when you know me?"

The Girl hid her face in her hands, a face from which all happiness had departed. "No," she moaned, "you will have to stay and be my lifelong punishment and solace. I cannot let you go. I know your power if I never did before—why, oh why did I ever let you into my heart? It is a sin for you to stay."

"Was it sin to harbour me those last few weeks, then?" he asked.

"No," she said, "for I thought—I thought—"

"That he was free? Poor child! Yet who can blame me or you? I am selfish, I admit. I do not stop to think whether it is better for the lessee when I want shelter. I must live. I must have house-room. I pay my rent. Who says I do not give good measure for all I owe? So many happy thoughts and days of delightful reverie. Surely I am worth my lodging when I ask so little in return."

The Girl paced up and down the floor in her misery.

"You ask my all!" she cried. "Why, oh why did I let you in?"

"You did not know me," he said.

"It was not your fault."

She turned on him fiercely. "You



"You could not send me away to-day, could you?"

DRAWN BY EMILY HAND

may have houseroom," she said. "But it will be only that, you understand? A room shall be yours under lock and key, but I, I shall be your warder, and I will never let you out!"

"As you will," said he, "for I know you mean what you say, and after all, I can only do what you will let me. But take care that I do not fare badly. If you give me nothing to eat, the walls of your heart will yield me sustenance."

"You shall starve!" she cried. "You may eat my heart out if you will."

The Tenant eyed her pityingly as he retreated to his barred chamber.

"You are so brave," he said, "and you might so easily spare yourself all this. There is no more wrong in harbouring me now than before, is there? I am no worse character than I was; again it is only circumstances that have changed. Well, we won't go over the whole argument again. It is

a drawn battle so far, and we shall see who will win in the end."

And neither the Man nor the World knew of the prisoned Tenant, and they deemed that her heart had small house-room and narrow. Which was true. For so little she owned that one day she gave over possession to another Tenant, grey and old, who yet drove out the first, long a defeated victor.

Then the Man guessed the truth, but the World never



THE LOST KEY

BY ISABEL E. MACKAY

I CLOSED a chamber in my heart,
And locked the door for aye;
Then, lest my weakness traitor prove,
I threw the key away.

'Twas well I did, for soon there came
A hand that gently knocked,
"Excuse me, madam," said my heart,
"I fear the door is locked."

"No matter," said the winning voice,
"You'll open it for me."
"I cannot, madam," said my heart,
"I've thrown away the key."

She knocked awhile, then gaily tried
Her own keys one by one,
And sighed a little when she found
The lock would yield to none.

Yet, when her knocking ceased, 'twas I
Who sighed; and since that day
I've searched in dusty corners for
The key I threw away.

Current Events Abroad.

THE people of the United States are preparing for their quadrennial choice of a ruler. As was expected the Republicans have put President Roosevelt in nomination, and the Democrats with quite unhoped for unanimity have chosen Judge Alton B. Parker. Judge Parker has been for twenty years on the bench and at the moment is chief judge of the Court of Appeals. He enjoys a high reputation for judicial knowledge, integrity and incorruptibility. He has not hitherto been regarded as a politician and is really an unknown quantity. The fact that Mr. Parker's views on public questions were largely problematical furnished a useful handle for Mr. Bryan's irony at a great meeting of the New York Democrats a fortnight before the convention. He asked in turn what position Mr. Parker occupied on the great issues of the day and the answer in every case was that "nobody knows." Mr. Bryan's opposition to Judge Parker was not personal. It was chiefly offered because David B. Hill and what might be called the gold wing of the Democratic party were the chief promoters of Judge Parker's candidacy. Judge Parker was the choice of the Democrats of his own State. There was, however, a powerful section, Tammany, to wit, which strenuously opposed his selection. This will not do Judge Parker any harm, for the Democrat who is opposed by Tammany is apt to be all the more highly thought of outside of the bounds of that organisation. On election day, Tammany will swing into line as if nothing had happened. A more biting appeal was that made by Mr. Bryan to the Convention, namely, for heaven's sake to select a man who had voted for the party candidate in 1900 and 1904. This was, in to the

quick, for it is well known that Judge Parker like many other Democrats did not vote for Mr. Bryan in those two years.

It is said that those looking on are often better judges of the game than the players. For this reason the opinion of a Canadian observer may have some value. That opinion would be then that Judge Parker's election is a most unlikely event. President Roosevelt interprets for the moment the general mood and spirit of the American people. What this mood is may be gathered to some extent from the following fragment from Judge Black's nominating speech eulogising the President :

"A profound student of history, he is to-day the greatest history-maker of the world. His superb qualities fit him for the great world-currents now rushing past in larger volume and of more portentous aspect than for many years. The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. Nations, to-day basking in quiet, may to-morrow be writhing in the toils of war. This is the time when great figures must be kept to the front. If the pressure is great, the material to resist it must be granite or iron. Whether she wishes it or not America is abroad in this world, and in the man whom you will choose every nation beholds the man who typifies, as no other can, the American spirit and purposes of the twentieth century. He stands for progress, courage, and fair play."

This is not the utterance of a raw graduate of a debating school but the words of a man of mature years, formerly Governor of the greatest State in the Union. They must be regarded



AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

—Atlanta Journal

as ominous. The White House has had many occupants with a war reputation. The great soldier who made it a nation sheathed his sword in 1783 and, bequeathing it to his kindred, commanded that it should never be drawn again in a war of aggression. That other great soldier who saved the Union proclaimed that his mission as a civil administrator was peace. Now we have a gentleman who is in reality a civilian presented to the electors of a great nation as the embodiment of war—a person of “granite or iron.” Bismarck’s phrase, “blood and iron,” was followed by one of the bloodiest wars of modern times. It is fair to say that the President cannot morally be held responsible for such words, but is he not responsible for the spirit which prompts them and elicits the answering cheers from a great representative gathering of Americans? The prophecy may be ventured that the coming campaign will inevitably turn in many forms around this attitude of mind. Mr. Bryan termed it the worship of the God of War, and in this line, consci-

ously or unconsciously, the election will be fought. The issue gives the Presidential struggle an interest that it formerly lacked, because previous to Mr. Black’s speech it had not been so definitely drawn. Judge Parker’s courageous refusal to accept the nomination without making his views known on the money question has certainly created a very favourable impression.



King Edward’s visit to his Imperial Majesty of Germany was regarded with curiously mixed feelings by the British people. They have not yet got over the irritation caused by the hostility of the German press during the Boer war. The resentment has been maintained by an uneasy conviction that the Emperor “worked” his royal uncle when he procured British co-operation in the debt-collecting expedition against Venezuela. It was felt that that incident endangered the good relations between Great Britain and the United States, and as it is part of European policy to destroy that alliance of the heart, it was felt with

chagrin that the Emperor had jockeyed us. When the King, therefore, set out for Kiel to attend the yacht races he was solemnly warned by a section of the press to keep his weather eye open. Whether the warning had any effect will probably never be known, but at all events it is not believed that any entangling extra-diplomatic engagements were entered into. Indeed, many people believe that Edward the Peacemaker may be trusted on such delicate ground. After all there were no evil consequences from the big bill-collecting expedition and the British and German investors had their claims recognised and were put in a position to be paid. But the King's greatest achievement is represented by the understanding with France, in which we people of British America are so closely interested. This happy termination of a decade of misunderstanding is one of the best fruits of the diplomacy of recent years, and must be laid to the account of King Edward, the most consummate man-of-the-world of these days of ours.

☞

Comic opera is being presented on a large scale in Morocco. The Sultan is a gentleman so tremendously interested in the civilisation which is represented by gramophones, bioscopes and bicycles that he has no time to pay attention to that phase of it which demands the preservation of law and order within civilised or even semi-civilised kingdoms. The borders of his realm in the direction of the desert is infested with powerful chiefs whom he has not energy enough to keep in order. One of these, Raisuli, desiring to increase his power, adopted a bold, if not novel, plan of doing so. A well-known American resident of Tangier, Mr. Perdicaris, was surprised in his residence, along with his secretary, Mr. Varley, an

Englishman, by Raisuli's men, carried off to the mountains and held for ransom. The expectations of the bandit chief were that the Sultan would have to agree to what terms his rebellious subject thought fit to impose, or see his territory virtually occupied by the troops of one or other of the great powers, in order to teach the lesson that the citizens of any of them will be protected by the home country wherever a Government shows itself too weak to enforce fundamental rights within its borders.

☞

As a matter of fact the United States Government gave notification that if any harm befell Mr. Perdicaris they would make it very interesting for Mr. Raisuli. But that wily gentleman, who, we presume, would be the deep basso of the comic opera, was not particularly alarmed about that, as he knew the Sultan would have to consent to almost any terms rather than see the United States cavalymen in their slouch hats and laced khaki leggings, traversing the holy soil of one of the lands of the Prophet. His calcula-



MELTING

—Punch



ROOSEVELT'S PUZZLE

PROBLEM—To get at the Trust without disturbing the Tariff.

—Bengough in the Chicago Public.

tions were well founded, and much to the relief of all concerned the Sultan consented to pay £10,000, to dismiss the Governor of Tangier, who is not *persona grata* to the mountain chieftain, to disband the Sultan's forces in the neighbourhood, and to give Raisuli sovereign authority over four tribes whose territory embraces 500 square miles of country. The inevitable results have followed. Other chiefs have begun to indulge in threats. The Sultan will be unable to satisfy them, and eventually a European power will step in. That power will be France, which, now that her interest in Morocco has been recognised, is not particularly anxious to assume the costly work of regeneration. Here we see a process which is going on in various parts of the world. In some quarters it is severely commented on and attributed to the insatiate land greed of the European powers. That

is undoubtedly an element of it, but is there not a judgment awaiting any people who prove themselves unfit to order their affairs with propriety and regularity? The day of the small anarchical State is drawing to a close, and even European countries in which such an incident as the capture of Miss Stone was possible must set their houses in order or lay down the sceptre. To bewail the fate of such countries as an interference with national liberties is a perversion of terms.



Of the great struggle in the East nothing more need be said than that before this meets the eye of the reader one of the world's "decisive battles" will have been fought. The defeat of Japan might not be decisive at all, for with command of the sea and her base so close at hand Japan could quickly rally from anything short of the annihilation of her forces now in the field. A defeat for Russia, on the other hand, can hardly fail to be a costly, if not a paralysing one. When it is remembered that every man brought from Russia, every gun, every munition of war, denotes a tremendous effort in transportation, we can realise what her every-day losses of men and armaments means. She is bleeding to death, and big and dour and courageous as she is, a crushing defeat within the next few days will virtually end the war whether it will formally do so or not. While Japan remains in command of the sea the holding of Port Arthur by Russia, or, indeed, any real predominance in Southern Manchuria, is impossible.

John A. Ewan.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

"Are deeds so great in the dreaming, so small in the doing found?
And all life's earnest endeavours only with failure crowned?

You look to the sky at evening and out of the depths of blue

A little star, as you call it, is glimmering faintly through;

Little? He sees, who looks from His throne in the highest place,

A little world circling grandly the limitless realms of space.

So with your life's deep purpose set in His mighty plan,

Out of the dark you see it, looking with human scan;

Little and weak you call it—He from His throne may see

Issues that move on grandly into eternity.

Sow the good seed, and already the harvest may be won;

That deed is great in the doing that God calls great when done;

'Tis as great, perhaps, to be noble as noble things to do,

And all the world is better when one heart grows more true.

Let us be strong in the doing, for that is ours alone.

The meaning and end are His, and He will care for his own;

And if it seems to us little, remember from afar

He looks into a world where we but glance at a star."

—Credited to Sir Edwin Arnold.

WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes was about to celebrate his eightieth birthday he was asked his recipe for maintaining perpetual youth. He gave it readily, declaring that it consisted simply in being constantly cheerful. "Happiness, which has contentment for its invariable cause, is within reach of practically

everyone," he asserted; "it is restlessness, ambition, discontent and disquietude that make us grow old [by prematurely carving wrinkles on our faces. Smiling is the best possible massage. Contentment is the fountain of youth."

Was he not right? Almost all of us can number amongst our friends, at least one dear old lady or gentleman, old in years alone, whom, because of her or his cheerful, happy disposition and unfailing good spirits, age cannot wither. The sad part of it is that in thinking over the list of the people whom we know, the number of these upon whose cheery brightness we can always rely is lamentably small. Why should this be? If there is pain and sorrow and misfortune in the world, is there not also joy in abundance, golden sunshine, all the wonderful gifts with which nature is so prodigal, and much that is sweet and noble and lovely in the lives of all the people around us? In fact, in the words of the old couplet:

"The world is so full of such beautiful things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

This is not the first time that the subject of cheerfulness has been touched upon in these pages, but one was so impressed recently by hearing a woman say to another: "Yes, it is a perfect delight to go to see Gertrude; she is the only woman I know upon whose brightness and gladness of heart one can always count. It makes life worth living just to look at her. If she ever has 'moods' or 'blues,' no one, not

even her husband, knows anything about it"—that one felt that it is indeed a gospel that cannot be preached too frequently or too widely.

If one studies the faces of men and women in the street, in cars, railway carriages, boats, yea, even at places of entertainment one cannot fail to be struck by the lamentable lack of joyousness and cheeriness in the average countenance. And yet there are few people in the world who have not much to make them happy, few who could, if required, show just cause for the worry, discontent and general unhappiness to which their faces bear eloquent testimony.

Someone, writing on the subject of Happiness, aptly said: "Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work. A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for after a while the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic."

Now that summer is once more with us, the blessed season of sunshine when "the Heavenly Power clothes all things new," surely it would not be amiss for us to put our thoughts and feelings in harmony with gracious, smiling Mother Nature, to saturate ourselves with the gladness of the world, until, like David, the spontaneous cry breaks from the very depths of our soul:

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!"

It is not given to everyone to lay aside with one's winter wardrobe one's winter cares and responsibilities also, and hie forth to fresh fields and pastures new; but those who, while long-

ing to travel, find they must bide quietly at home this summer, need not despair, for a party of bright girls have discovered a way of bringing the Mountain to Mahomet. In other words, four girls, whose plans to make "the grand tour" this summer have gone *agley* at the last moment, have decided to make the countries which they had meant to visit come to them instead.

When they planned their trip abroad their itinerary was to include France and Germany, with a visit to London and its surrounding attractions, and a peep into Italy—the regular summer tourists' gallop, in fact, along the regulation globe-trotters' route, visiting many places and *seeing* very few.

They have decided now that they will leave France and Germany until next winter, and are going to devote July to London and August to Italy. "Even then," said one of them, "we find that we shall not have half enough time to even begin to know them, for with London we shall take Oxford, Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon."

Friends who have been abroad have gladly lent the girls their guide-books, collections of foreign photographs, and museum and art gallery catalogues, and they have written to a well-known man of learning for a list of the best books to read in order to become thoroughly "acquainted" with the places which they have chosen for their "travels."

They have already secured "Shakespeare's England," "Dickens' London," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," and a little book on Oxford, and for their Italian "tour" they intend to read Howell's "Venetian Life," Ruskin's "Stories of Venice," Mrs. Turnbull's "Golden Book of Venice," Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Venice," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice," Taine's "Florence and Venice," George Eliot's "Romola," some of Crawford's Roman stories, and whatever books on Italy and Italian art which their man of learning may suggest.

They have supplied themselves with a number of the excellent little pictures of famous places, paintings and sculp-

ture which several firms in the United States sell at a cent each, and will really study not only these but the catalogues and guide-books which have been lent to them.

"And do you know," said the girl who was telling me all about it, "we are actually glad now that our trip has been postponed, for we are beginning to realise how shockingly unprepared we were for it? Just think how much more fully we shall appreciate and understand it all when at last we do go. I venture to say, in all modesty, that at the end of the summer we shall have a much more intelligent and comprehensive knowledge of the places we intend to study and of the treasures of history and art which they contain than hundreds of the people who are going abroad this year will have. At least, it will be our own fault if we don't."

And I think she was right.

Apropos of reading, the last year or two seem to have been productive of some very unpleasant books, books which harrow one's soul in the reading and haunt one with distressing memories and sensations for weeks after they are laid aside.

I do not mean "problem stories"—which are unpleasant in another way—but such a book for instance as "The Woman Who Toils," which has been and is still being widely read. I mention this one particularly because it happens to be the last of this kind which it has been my misfortune to peruse, and because I am still feeling the uncomfortable effects of it. "The Woman Who Toils" was written by two good women who endured much discomfort and actual pain in order to be able to give to the interested public a true picture of the real condition of the working women of the United States, the



WATER-LILIES

women who toil from early morn till dewy eve, herded together in factories, mills and sweat shops.

That they have succeeded in giving a faithful account of what they saw and experienced, I have no doubt; that they have given a particularly vivid and impressive one, I can bear ample testimony. Not since I was made almost ill some years ago by "The Story of an African Farm," have I read any book which made me so thoroughly miserable and wretched as did this one. With the haunting spectacle ever before one's mental vision of an army of pale-faced, half-starved, ill-clothed, toil-exhausted factory labourers—women, girls and little children—one's meals become apples of Sodom in one's mouth, and one feels a sense of wickedness and unpardonable selfishness in the enjoyment of the countless little comforts which the majority of people now look upon as ordinary necessities.

Of course, Hugo and Balzac have given us vivid pictures of lives which touched the lowest depths of misery and hopelessness, and more than one writer has told us stories of London which were heart-breaking in the



"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER";
OR, OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE

MADAME—"What have you been doing, Frank, to make yourself such a fright?"

FRANK—"Well, my dear, you seem to have a fancy for dressing up as your Grandmamma, so I've looked out some of my Grandfather's things, just to be in keeping."

["Eighteen-forty-five is the *mot d'ordre* for this season's fashions."—*Lady's Paper*.]

—Punch

human degradation and wretchedness which they revealed (a very few chapters of "Oliver Twist," or "No. 5 John Street" are sufficient to quench the gayest spirits in short order), but, to me at least, the frank and detailed account of people who even now, only a few hundred miles from us, are undergoing the hardships and discomforts which are so unsparingly described by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, is more distressing and upsetting than any story of unhappiness in countries over the sea could possibly be.

I have been giving, therefore, some thought to the question of reading

works which are tolerably certain to destroy one's cheerfulness and turn to indigo one's rosy outlook upon life. And this is the conclusion of the whole matter, as it has revealed itself to me.

It is, without doubt, a splendid thing for men and women like Richard Whiteing and the Van Vorsts, to voluntarily step out of a state of comfort and ease to live for a space the life of the less fortunate ones of the world, solely that by learning to know Earth's Toilers as they really are, some feasible and practical way may be found for bettering their condition; and it is well that the results of such investigations and experiences should be placed on record for the guidance of those who not only want to help the labour-worn, but who are in a position to do so.

But—and this is the point worth considering—is it wise for people who are utterly unable to ameliorate whatever hard conditions exist in the lives of the men and women who live beyond

their ken, to spend in reading of misery they are powerless to lighten, time, strength and sympathy which they might more profitably use in helping to brighten the lives of those who sit at their fires and lie without their gates?

If one reads such books from a mere idle curiosity as to how "the other half" lives, surely one might be employing one's time more pleasantly and profitably; and if one who is strong is really anxious to bear some of the burdens of those who are weak, but is prevented by uncontrollable circumstances from plunging into settlement or factory work, one can still be a "lantern-bearer" and a diffuser of

sunshine and helpfulness to all with whom one comes in contact.

And so my meditations have resolved themselves into a strong purpose—the intention to read, for this summer at least, only such books as present a happy, hopeful, cheery view of life, the books that are sweet and wholesome, and make the sun seem brighter and the sky clearer for their having been written—and read.

The editor of a well-known woman's magazine has been endeavouring, for the benefit of his many feminine readers, to find out what manner of girl it is that the average man thinks he would like to have for his life companion.

With this laudable object in view the aforesaid editor sent out to one hundred bachelors these two pertinent questions: "What kind of a girl should you like to marry?" and "What qualities do you think best fit a young woman for a wife?" The various answers to these queries are full of interest and illumination. It is, of course, impossible to transcribe them all here, but a statistical summary of the answers reveals the significant fact that the eight qualities most often mentioned and desired may be classified as follows:

First. A domestic tendency—74 times.

Second. Love—45 times.

Third. A good disposition—36 times.

Fourth. Sympathy—27 times.

Fifth. Christianity—27 times.

Sixth. Common sense—24 times.

Seventh. Intelligence—24 times.

Eighth. Taste in dress—23 times.

Please notice that less than 50% of these worthy bachelors look upon love as being essential to their marital happiness, nor do they yearn for that understanding, affectionate sympathy in their wives which most young *unwedded* women confidently expect to be the keystone of their married happiness. Common-sense, intelligence and taste in dress (mark this last, ye maidens!)

are also at a discount. It is indeed well that our girls are just now having unusual opportunities of perfecting themselves in household arts and sciences, since "domestic tendencies" appear to be at a premium. Love, sympathy, common sense, intelligence, taste in dress, even Christianity, avail nothing, it seems, if the mutton is underdone or an important button missing. Verily, a most wise answer was that given by the lady who, when asked how she managed to keep in such excellent condition her husband's love and admiration for her, replied tersely: "I feed the brute!"

An exchange announces that "Ellen Terry, the greatest of living English actresses, has become an actress-manageress. The Imperial Theatre, Westminster, is well chosen for the new venture. It was rebuilt by an actress, Mrs. Langtry; it was the scene of Rejane's latest triumphs in London, and Sarah Bernhardt considers it the best equipped playhouse we have; so that Miss Terry starts her venture at least with the smiles of her sisters. Truth to tell, it is in a perfect atmosphere of smiles that she lives, moves and has her being. A sunnier, kinder, stouter-hearted lady never walked. Filled with artistic appreciation and understanding, devoted to her work, happy in success, sympathetic with the struggles and failures of others, and without a thought of jealousy of their triumphs, eager to help the young, gifted with an extraordinary capacity for work after a long career triumphantly youthful—such is Ellen Terry."

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon
And afternoon and night—Forenoon, and—
What!

The empty song repeats itself. No more?

Yea, that is Life: Make this forenoon
sublime,

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and the crown is won.

—Edward Sill.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PROGRESS BY THE ATLANTIC

THE Maritime Provinces are making headway. They are progressing in population, in the variety of their industries, in the character of their agriculture and in national spirit. Unfortunately the rate of progress is slow. Ontario and the West realised some years ago that the building up of Canada was not any easy task; and the people of those districts threw themselves into the work with feverish energy and with good results. Even now it can hardly be said that the Maritime Provinces have come to a like realisation, a like redoubling of effort. They hated Confederation for many years after 1867, when it was practically forced upon them; and this feeling froze the national pride which had previously stimulated them to endeavour. They were a people with a grievance. The result was turpitude, inactivity, dissatisfaction.

One of the present difficulties lies in the lack of young men. There are, comparatively speaking, few men in the Maritime Provinces whose ages lie between twenty and fifty. The lack of enthusiasm already referred to, drove the young men to the United States. The fathers and mothers grumbled at fate and the young men and the young women flew to a country where grumbling was discouraged. The New England States have been revitalised with the fresh blood of the Maritime Provinces. The United States gained what Canada lost. I met a young woman a few days ago, a native Nova Scotian, who has five brothers in the United States. There is scarcely a family that has not sent its most enterprising son to help along the great Republic. Because of the lack of young men, one may see

some abandoned farms and many half-cultivated farms. The society of the village lacks spontaneity and gaiety; the life in the towns is dull and depressing.

Yet there are signs of a change. The address by President Forrest, of Dalhousie University, at the Annapolis celebration was an impassioned patriotic appeal on behalf of a stronger national spirit. The pessimistic, grumbling attitude did not appear. He said he was proud of Canada and the Empire, and the applause of the audience showed that he was expressing what was in their hearts. The people of the provinces are coming to realise that Canada is theirs as much as it is Ontario's or Manitoba's. Once a man from Ontario was said to be "from Canada," now he is described as being "from Western Canada." The additional word means a great change in sentiment. It means also that the Maritime Provinces are anxious to emulate the progress of Ontario and Manitoba, to assert themselves as virile and progressive parts of this young nation. This is most evident in Sydney and St. John—especially the latter. In these and in several other towns the business men are aggressive and broad-minded. They are reaching out for a share of the nation's trade and intend to get it. Another "sign" is the improvement in the newspapers. Those of Halifax and St. John are exhibiting energy, enterprise and leadership of an unusual quality.

True the Governments of each of the provinces are still in the hands of the old men and the politicians, and are

doing little to second the efforts of enterprising citizens. The Hon. J. W. Longley is progressive, but his progressiveness lacks the breadth of one occupying similar leadership in the West, though equal to that of most of his colleagues and opponents. The Hon. Mr. Pugsley is said to be the brightest of the New Brunswick constellation, Premier Tweedie being much like Premier Murray, a mere office-holder and patronage-distributor. Both premiers are brainy and capable but apparently afraid to take much initiative. Both Governments are undoubtedly lethargic; while that of Prince Edward Island is little better than an Ontario County Council.

The men in each Government are not wholly to blame. They are the creatures of conditions. The whole life of the provinces has been tinged with pettiness and narrowness. There is no well-informed, virile public opinion, because there are no large questions which can arouse a discussion involving principles of an important character. The provinces are too small. If the three were united, the duties, responsibilities and possibilities of the Government of the day would be trebled, the people would have a broader outlook.

For example, the Maritime Provinces need an agricultural college. To have one as good as that in Ontario, they would require to build a union college at some central point. Any man with the courage to propose such a thing would be promptly sent to Boston, as being too smart. The consequence is that agricultural progress lags behind, and oxen are still seen in the Annapolis valley. Three cars of fresh beef arrive in Nova Scotia from Ontario every day, because the people of Nova Scotia do not know how to fatten cattle. The provinces can get along without maritime union, but their progress will be much slower. The growth of patriotism, the broadening of industry, the improvements in agriculture will undoubtedly point the way to government co-operation in the near future, and will perhaps lead ulti-

mately to union. At present there is no manifest desire for it.

To have three legislatures to look after a total revenue of less than two and a half million dollars is absurd. Even British Columbia has a revenue which is nearly equal to that of the three Maritime Provinces combined. Ontario has more than double what flows into the three treasuries.*

As regards population, there is a similar disparity. The combined population of the three provinces is about nine hundred thousand, not much more than half of that of Quebec, and not much more than a third of that of Ontario.† If considered from the standpoint of growth in population, it may be pointed out that the population of these three provinces increased two and a half per cent. between 1891 and 1901, while Ontario increased 3.25, Quebec 10.77, and Manitoba 67.16 per cent.

These figures would be discouraging if one was not aware of the circumstances, if one was not familiar with the country. That part of Canada is capable of enormous development, of an almost unlimited expansion of population. Its ports are the finest in Canada; its forests and mines are among the most valuable; its fisheries are almost inexhaustible; its people come of excellent stock and for mental

*The exact figures as given in the latest statistical year-book are as follows:

Revenue 1902-3:

Nova Scotia.....	1,243,581
New Brunswick	801,410
Prince Edward Island...	318,766

Total	2,363,757
British Columbia.....	2,044,630
Quebec	4,699,773
Ontario	5,466,653

†The census of 1901 gives the following figures:

Nova Scotia..	459,574	persons
New Brunswick.....	331,120	"
Prince Edward Island ..	103,259	"
Total	893,953	"
Ontario.....	2,182,947	"
Quebec	1,648,898	"



HON. A. G. JONES

Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia

vigour are unsurpassed by any other district in the world.

The real trouble, now that the discontent has passed, lies in the fact that the leading men of these provinces seem content to draw comfortable salaries and to be large toads in small puddles. The cabinet ministers, the members of the legislature, the judiciary, the educationists, are stifling the efforts of the business men and the common people by a lack of energy and initiative. They are not leaders; they are merely occupiers of leaders' shoes. The official class in each province is as burdensome a family compact as ever existed before Confederation. Only a few families in each province share in the blessings of office. The smaller a country the greater is the tenacity of the office-holder.

The present ruling families shudder

when maritime union is mentioned. Who would be the union Government, who would find a seat in the union legislature, who would distribute the patronage under the new régime?—these are uncertainties which they do not care to consider. They judiciously fan the local jealousies which are rampant. The people of Halifax hate the people of St. John with a delightful fervour, and the compliment is returned, though perhaps less fiercely. I asked a St. John man what harm would come to St. John if the capital of New Brunswick were removed from Fredericton to Halifax; he grew dark in the face, but had no arguments to offer.

✧

I am not desirous of seeming to find fault with a happy and prosperous people. There are certain opinions which have been formed in my mind by observation and conversation, and I give them for what they are worth. Personally, I should like to see the Maritime Provinces again become the home of young men, again become more than a brain-growing district for Ontario and New England. If any word of mine can assist in that rejuvenation, I am prepared to give it, even though I may, at first glance of many, seem to be unkind or discourteous.

If Canada is to be great, each part must be great. The West may soon overshadow the East, but the West cannot do its best if the East be a drag upon it. To succeed in building up this new nation, all the provinces must work together, each helping the other by word and thought and deed and example.

John A. Cooper.

About New Books.

THE RUSH FOR FICTION

THE historical novel is still with us. Weyman and Anthony Hope have a host of companions, some of them good, some poor, some base deceivers. Bloody tales of bloody times are still popular. The gentle maiden who lolls the summer hours in a cushioned hammock, who even shudders when she kills a troublesome mosquito, revels in the fancied scenes of four centuries ago, when a man's life was guarded mainly by his strong arm. She loves the hero who goes into the castle by night, rashly rescues the fair lady after killing a number of attendants, and escapes to repent his rashness.

There is no doubt that such books are eagerly read. The book stores throughout Canada are always well supplied with the latest of them—or, even worse, with cheap reprints of the simpering dialogue written by Bertha M. Clay and her dead and living confederates. What is there in these aimless volumes which attracts men and women of all classes, even university graduates? Is it that our lives are devoid of those proper interests which should enter into our minds and occupy our spare moments? Or is it that we require stimulant and excitement, and that these are most cheaply obtained through the current low-priced novels?

So far as Canada is concerned, there are few novels published except those written in other countries. Our publishers do little publishing; they are really the agents for foreign publishers. They exercise no editorial discretion in connection with the authors selected by the real publishers who live in New York and London. They simply take 500, 1,000 or 1,500 copies

of each new book produced by the publisher whom they represent or with whom they work. In some cases they buy in open market, bidding against each other for the Canadian edition of a particular work. Therefore the blame for the poor books cannot be laid upon the Canadian publisher.

Is the British and foreign publisher to blame? Last year, exclusive of reprints and English editions of foreign novels, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine works of fiction were issued in Great Britain, an average of a little over five a day. This is a real "plague of novels," as Mr. J. Cuthbert Haddon describes it in the June *Fortnightly Review*. He suggests three causes. These are: (1) the growing custom among publishers of bringing out books at the author's expense; (2) the prevailing idea that the public will not look at a book unless it is cast in fiction form; and (3) the delusion that the art of fiction can be taught.

Of the first cause he says "there are a dozen or more publishing firms whose existence is practically dependent on the author's cheques. They never decline anything unless it is outrageously bad. They will not risk their own money, but they will risk the author's." This system, he intimates, is spreading to the reputable firms.

Of the second cause, he says "a good third of the novels published every year ought really to have been issued as tracts. Not long ago a well-known critic wrote that whosoever picks up the most popular romances of the day and opens them at hazard will light at every dip on such phrases as 'The Church,' 'The Method of Christianity,' 'Heaven, Earth and the Soul,' 'The True Modernity in



THE LATE CANNIFF HAIGHT

Author of "A United Empire Loyalist in Great Britain."

as reasonably frequent the saloons and the police court to continue their delightful experiences. If they live in large cities there are other institutions in which they can have their fling and make their lives one short round of sensuous pleasure.

"Love Among the Ruins,"* by Warwick Deeping, bears on its cover the picture of a beautiful young woman with sword and shield, riding on a muscly war-steed—a token that all through the book is blood and carnage and unwomanliness. Yet it is a delightful story—for the class of people for whom it is intended. That Warwick Deeping, the author, is an unknown, will not, of course, militate against the work!

Woman,' 'Occidental Religion,' and so forth. Speculations on ether and atoms abound, the romancers being evidently persuaded that you can see an atom under a microscope."

Mr. Haddon offers no remedy except increased interest in the more serious forms of literature on the part of the public. The people must learn to read books of travel, of science, of art, of history, and to find in them a pleasure which they at present imagine can be found only in the cheap novels of the day.

All the good young men and women of the day are riding "In the Bishop's Carriage" to learn what happened to a female thief. These people might

"The Bright Face of Danger,"† by Robert Neilson Stephens, is a story of France in the time of Henri IV. A young man of twenty-two leaves his home for Paris, to see life and learn of the world. Before he reaches there he has killed half a dozen expert swordsmen, been sentenced to death, has a dozen narrow escapes from capture and punishment, and finally succeeds in rescuing the abused but beautiful countess, whose wicked husband is killed just at the right moment. It is a splendid story, well told, and the writer acknowledges renewing his youth in reading this new version of the story that has been told a thousand

* Toronto: The Morang Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

times and often with much more grace and literary skill.

ANIMAL STORIES

"The Watchers of the Trails," by Charles G. D. Roberts, is certainly the book of the month. It is a collection of animal stories written in the author's best style, illustrated profusely and well by Charles Livingston Bull, and handsomely bound by the publishers.* To a lover of the artistic there is little to choose between the art of the author and that of the illustrator. Mr. Bull's work is certainly improving, and so excellent are the reproductions that Mr. Roberts will find it necessary to share the popularity of the volume with his picture-interpreter.

Mr. Roberts claims to have written animal stories before Mr. Thompson Seton, and there is sufficient evidence to give the contention the appearance of truth. Both write well and both are a credit to Canadian letters and Canadian culture. Were it not that Mr. Roberts has marred his life by some features which prevent his becoming a popular hero, he would undoubtedly stand among the first two or three writers whom this country has produced. His art as evidenced in his poetry and his prose is undoubtedly of a high order. Perhaps when the final verdict is given his work will be placed above that of Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Seton, Mr. Fraser or the other prominent Canadian writers. It may be that his limpid style and mastery of poetical phrase are greater than his story-telling ability, but the latter is good enough to round out his other qualities in producing work which will some day be classics in Canadian literature. The day will come, no doubt, when his prose will be used as models by high schools and universities. It might be even now, were our professors of English disposed to give the credit which is due him. This provincialism will be overcome in time.

These stories "are avowedly fiction"

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 361 pages, \$2.00.



VIRNA SHEARD

Whose third novel will be published in the Fall in New York and Toronto.

as the author says in his prefatory note, yet they consist of facts gathered and grouped in such a way as to give life to the story of each animal. Mr. Roberts spent most of his boyhood on the fringes of the forest and claims to have had those "intimacies of the wilderness" which enable him to translate into words the simple psychological processes of the animals without ascribing to them human motives and the mental processes of man. He says himself, "I have studied to keep well within the limits of safe inference."

AN HISTORICAL VOLUME

Major William Wood, of Quebec, has written a new account of the capture of Quebec under the title "The Fight for Canada."* He explains that all the previously written accounts of

* London: Archibald Constable & Co. Cloth, 363 pages, folding map, one guinea.

this great struggle are inaccurate and incomplete because the authors had not access to all the documents. It was not until recently that Mr. A. G. Doughty, the new Dominion archivist, set about collecting and translating all these documents. Some have been printed in Mr. Doughty's extensive work; some others will be printed shortly. Major Wood has examined all these under Mr. Doughty's guidance. These having been brought together for the first time, Major Wood felt justified in giving a new popular account of the struggle. Moreover, he felt that the military and naval views had never been properly combined together, most writers emphasising the military and neglecting the naval. He lays stress on the co-operation of the two forces and endeavours to distribute the praise fairly. His local knowledge and his advantage of having access to all these documents have combined with his skill in writing, for this he certainly possesses, to make his work a notable one and to provide us with a volume which will be highly valued. No reader can now say that he has a thorough knowledge of this, the greatest of dramatic events in our history, unless he has mastered this volume.

The story as told by Major Wood is interesting, and yet the details are sufficiently complete to make it possible for military and naval men to study the event from a tactical point of view. The Fall of Quebec was one of the great events in the struggle between Britain and France for Imperial supremacy, and as such it must always remain a beacon-light in the history of our race.

Without minimising the qualities of Wolfe, Major Wood gives greater praise than has hitherto been accorded to his senior officers. Admiral Saunders is rescued from oblivion, and given credit for his amazing navigation of the fleet up the dangerous waters of the St. Lawrence. At that time Great Britain had a comparatively strong navy, and Wolfe could not have landed at Quebec, and could not have taken

the French at such a disadvantage had he not been supported by fully a quarter of Britain's naval strength. This point is new, and if the book did nothing more than insist upon and marshal the evidence in support of it, it would have been worth while. Yet this is not the only feature which makes the volume noteworthy.



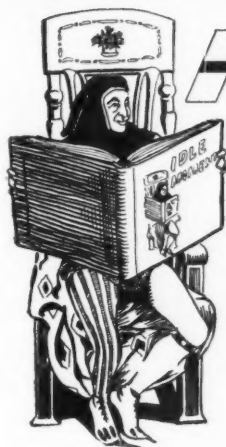
NOTES

VIRNA SHEARD, whose stories have appeared from time to time in current publications, and who is one of the most charming of the Canadian women story-writers, will have a new volume on the market in the fall. It will be entitled "By The Queen's Grace," and is an enlargement of a story first published in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. It will show that since the publication of her two previous books Mrs. Sheard has made considerable progress in developing her undoubted talent. The scenes are laid in London in the times of Good Queen Bess.

Isabelle E. Mackay will issue her first volume of poems in the fall. Mrs. Mackay has contributed some excellent verse to *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* and other publications, and her volume will undoubtedly meet with a kindly reception. The author's home is in Woodstock, Ont.

Among the books promised by William Briggs for the fall are "Old Gorgon Graham," by George C. Lorimer, author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son"; a new story by Marie Corelli; "Deacon Lysander," by Sarah P. McLean Green, and "Pathfinders of the West," by Agnes C. Laut. The latter will cover the explorations of Radisson, the Verendreyes, Hearne, Mackenzie, Lewes and Clark, and will be handsomely illustrated.

The Champlain number of *Acadiensis*, of St. John, N.B., is a credit to Mr. D. R. Jack, its editor and publisher. It is one of the best issues of a periodical ever given to the Canadian public, being full of text and illustrations of supreme value.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE RUSE OF McTAGGART

A HOT election campaign was on in a certain county in New Brunswick. A somewhat eccentric lawyer, McTaggart by name, who was stumping for the Government candidate, set out for a village on a certain evening on the supposition that a meeting had been definitely arranged for him in the Orange Hall. When he arrived at the village after some considerable inconvenience what was his chagrin to find that the Opposition candidate was there and had really secured the Hall for the same hour, having paid the rent in advance.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it. McTaggart found the Opposition candidate at the hotel, and tried to come to some arrangement with him. "No," was his reply, "I've got you this time, Mac. I want the whole evening, and I won't give you an inch of it, but I'll be pleased to have you come round and be convinced of the error of your ways."

"All right, Jones," said McTaggart, "It's your deal this time. But maybe I'll get it back on you before the fight's over. You bet I'll do it if I can."

"All right, Mac, do it if you can. But I guess you're out of it this time."

When the hour for the meeting

arrived the Hall was packed to the doors. The Orange Order, which was very strong in the community, had turned out in force to hear Jones, who held an important office in the Grand Lodge, and who had done a great deal for the Order. Jones made a rousing speech, in which he made a direct appeal for the support of his brethren, eliciting repeated and continuous applause.

McTaggart, who sat in a rear seat, said nothing, but came in for frequent jests from the speaker, which he took in good part. He had made up his mind to try an expedient that had come to him like an inspiration when Jones was making some of his best hits. He knew from the sentiment of the community it was no use to appeal either to Jones or the audience for a hearing.

So, just as Jones was about to take his seat, the attention of the audience was suddenly attracted by McTaggart making his way in considerable haste to the platform. He put his hand in his breast pocket and drew out his wallet. Taking out all the bills he had he spread them on the table in full view of the audience, who were entirely mystified by his procedure. Then taking out his coin purse he opened it and emptied it on the table. The curiosity of the audience was still further increased by his evident haste and earnestness as he counted the money.

"There, Mr. Chairman," said he, "there's all the money I have on me. You can count it. It is forty-seven dollars and thirty-two cents. Now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I'll bet that entire amount that my friend Jones, good Orangeman and all



THE RETORT COURTEOUS

HENPEX—"Calm yourself, Maria. I'm surprised that a woman of your temperament should lose her self-control. Did you ever know me to lose control of myself?"

MRS. HENPEX—"You lost control of yourself, John, the day I married you. Now finish darning those socks and don't talk so much."—*Life*.

as he is, can't recite *King William Crossing the Boyne*.

Jones, completely taken by surprise, tried to say something about having forgotten "that splendid poem of his boyhood days."

"No," said McTaggart, "Mr. Jones cannot recite the piece, but I'm willing to donate to this Hall every cent on the table if I can't recite it to you without a single mistake."

Here Jones and the chairman tried to call McTaggart down, but the audience took charge; "McTaggart, McTaggart, go on, go on," they shouted.

McTaggart struck his best attitude, and being a very competent reciter, gave the piece in fine style. At the close he was greeted with shouts of applause by the audience.

"Friends," said he, "I'm an Or-

angeman, too. I should like to talk to you a few minutes if you would let me."

Here Jones intervened. "But this is my meeting, Mr. Chairman, I protest."

The chairman hastily arose and tried to secure order. But McTaggart had the floor, and the audience were bound he should keep it. "McTaggart, McTaggart," they shouted, "go on, go on."

McTaggart threw himself with every nerve into a splendid speech an hour long, and at the close was greeted with cheer upon cheer. And it is safe to say that not a few votes were made for the Government majority given at this polling place by the clever ruse of McTaggart.

F. W. Murray.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A FAMOUS BAND

THE band of the famous Black Watch regiment or, as it is officially known, the 42nd Royal Highlanders, will visit Canada this month and play at the National Exhibition in Toronto. The band consists of two parts, the band proper, and the pipers. The latter, thirteen in number, are seen in the accompanying photograph.

It is not often that Canada is favoured with a visit from a British regimental band, and this one will no doubt be fully appreciated. The permission of His Majesty and of the officers of the Regiment had to be obtained, and only the present high standing of Canada among the colonies induced them to grant the request of the Exhibition authorities.

Moreover, the Black Watch played

a most important part in the capture of Canada in 1756-1763, and later served in the War of Independence, as our friends label their fight for freedom which ended in 1783. They served in the famous engagement at Ticonderoga, 1758, a full description of which is given by Mr. Bradley elsewhere in this issue. At this battle they had 8 officers, 9 sergeants and 297 men killed; 17 officers, 10 sergeants and 306 men wounded; total casualties 647.

It was after the fruitless attempt of the Jacobites to involve Scotland in civil war, that a number of Highland gentlemen volunteered for the service of the Crown; and in 1729 the Government resolved that these loyal Highlanders should be embodied and constituted part of the regular domestic



THE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH BAND TO VISIT TORONTO AUGUST 29TH
TO SEPTEMBER 10TH

Photograph taken on the Ramparts of the Castle, Edinburgh



PIPE-MAJOR J. CLARK OF THE BLACK WATCH BAND

Photograph taken at the entrance of the
Officers' Quarters, the Castle,
Edinburgh

military force of Scotland. At that time six independent companies were formed, three of one hundred men each, and three of seventy-five, all the officers, from the colonel down, being leading Highland chieftains.

These independent companies wore the clan tartan, consisting mostly of the black, blue and green of their respective commanders, and from their sombre appearance they were designated "Am Freiceadan Dubh," or "Black Watch," to distinguish them from the regular troops, who were called "Saighdearan Dearg," or "Red soldiers," on account of the prevailing colour of their uniform. The private men of the "Black Watch" were provided with muskets and bayonets, and besides these weapons each Highlander had his broadsword, target, pistols and dirk. The sergeants carried the Tuagh, or Lochaber axe. As the

operations of these companies were confined to their own territories, they enlisted the services of the members of many distinguished families.

In its early history the duties of the "Black Watch" were to enforce the obnoxious Disarming Act, to watch the movements of the disaffected clans, and to check the depredations of the Caterans or Highland robbers. So well did they perform these duties that in 1739 His Majesty George II decided to raise four additional companies, and to incorporate them as a regiment of the line. The Earl of Crawford and Lindsay was appointed colonel.

Their uniforms originally consisted of scarlet jacket and waistcoat, with buff facings and white lace; a tartan plaid twelve yards long, plaited around the middle of the body, the upper part being fixed on the left shoulder, ready to be thrown loose and wrapped over both shoulders and musket in wet weather. This was called the belted plaid, and was worn on full dress parades and duties, but in barracks, and when not on duty, the philibeg, or little kilt was worn. The head-dress was a blue bonnet, bordered with white, red and green, arranged in small squares to resemble, it is said, the Fess Chequey in the arms of the Stewart family. Tartan hose with buckled shoes were worn; and purses made of badger skins. The officers' dress coats were embroidered with gold, while the sergeants' jackets were trimmed with silver lace.

In 1743 the "Black Watch" were first sent on foreign service, and from that time on, the employment of this magnificent regiment in defence of the Empire has been almost continuous.

Wherever they have been they have played their part in a manner that has earned them special mention in despatches. Their renown extends to all quarters of the globe, while in Canada their name and fame are almost as familiar as in historic Scotland itself.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

THE MILLING INDUSTRY.

THE United States millers are alarmed over the continued growth of our exports of wheat and flour. At a recent meeting of the Millers' National Federation at Buffalo, they referred to "the ruinous competition of Canadian wheat in European markets."

They cannot see any way of stopping Canada's production of wheat. Canada is destined to be one of the world-factors in wheat production. They admit that, but are anxious to preserve their milling industry. To do so, they must have a law which will allow them to import Canadian wheat, grind it and export it without having to pay any customs duties. This is the problem which they are endeavouring to meet. At present the Canadian wheat is being ground either in Canada or in England, and flour from Canadian wheat is superior to and is displacing United States flour in the British market.

At present the United States has a drawback law which was intended to allow a refund of the duties paid on imported materials used in the manufacture of exported articles. It does not, however, provide for such cases as the grinding of Canadian wheat and the mixing of the resulting flour with flour from United States wheat. The millers are anxious for a special law to enable them to secure a refund of duty paid on Canadian wheat without the necessary "identification" of the present law.

Canada must preserve its own milling industry and the Government should see that the conditions are kept favourable for the grinding of Canadian wheat in Canadian mills. If the

United States millers wish to share in this trade, let them build branch mills in Canada as the manufacturers of agricultural implements and locomotives have done.

A MILITARY COUNCIL.

TO end the long and unseemly series of struggles between the British officers sent to Canada as General Officers Commanding, the Government has introduced a Bill to provide for a Military Council. This will consist of the Minister of Militia, who will be chairman of the Council, the chief of the general staff who will probably be a British army officer, the adjutant-general, the quartermaster-general, the master-general of ordnance, and two additional civilians. These two will probably be the deputy Minister of Militia and the chief accountant of the department. In this way, the supremacy of the Minister of Militia will be maintained, and the influence of the British general who comes to Canada will be limited to that of one member in a Council of six. This plan follows that adopted recently by Great Britain in the re-organisation of her military control.

The power of the General Officer Commanding, or Chief of Staff as he will probably be called, is to be still further limited by a regulation providing that the general orders shall be issued by or through the Adjutant-General. This will prevent any order being issued by a general officer which might be distasteful to the Canadians on the Council.

The new peace establishment provided for is 46,000 men and the war establishment is 104,618. Parliament

voted down an amendment limiting the peace establishment to 50,000 men. In addition to this 46,000 men, there will be a naval militia, but the details concerning this part of the Government's plans have not yet been given to Parliament.

CANADIAN CONFLAGRATIONS.

THE following is a list of large conflagrations which have occurred in Canada from the year 1852 up to the present time, giving the dates, the total property loss, and, where obtainable, the total insurance involved:

1852—July 28th, Montreal, property loss, \$5,000,000; 1,100 buildings destroyed.
1866—Oct. 16th, Quebec, \$3,000,000; 2,500 buildings destroyed.
1876—June 18th, St. John's, Que., \$3,000,000; insurance (estimated), \$1,500,000.
1876—September 3rd, St. Hyacinthe, Que., \$1,250,000; insurance (estimated), \$600,000.
1877—June 20th, St. John, N.B., \$13,500,000; insurance, \$6,600,000.
1897—Oct. 17th, Windsor, N.S., \$1,500,000; insurance, \$700,000.
1898—Sept. 10th, New Westminster, B.C., \$2,000,000; insurance, \$1,000,000.
1900—April 26th, Hull and Ottawa, \$7,500,000; insurance, \$3,662,098.
1901—January 23rd, Montreal, \$2,500,000; insurance, \$2,000,000.
1904—April 19th, Toronto, \$10,350,000; insurance, \$8,375,000.

By comparison with some of the large conflagrations of the continent, it is found that the recent Toronto fire stands sixth in order of amount of property destroyed, as the following will indicate:

Date and Place.	Property Loss.
1871—Chicago	\$250,000,000
1872—Boston	70,000,000
1904—Baltimore.....	45,000,000
1892—St. John's, Nfld.....	15,000,000
1877—St. John, N.B.	13,500,000
1904—Toronto.....	10,350,000

STREET-CAR PROFITS.

WHAT Toronto owes to the men who made the agreement with the Street Railway Company is strikingly shown by a comparison with Buffalo. The American city, which has 201 miles of street railway track, received only \$85,850 from the franchise last year, being 3 per cent. of the gross

receipts. Toronto with 90 miles of track, will get \$255,000 from the company this year, three times as much as Buffalo. The citizens are pretty well agreed that civic operation would have been even better. But a revenue of a quarter of a mill in a year is not bad, and the increase over that will be at the rate of 12 per cent. on the gross receipts.—Toronto News.

SHORTAGE OF LABOR

IN spite of all the fantastic denials of the trades unions, there is still a scarcity of labour in Canada. The trade depression in the United States has not extended to this country and business is flourishing in almost all lines. The tide of immigration continues in increasing volume, yet the Toronto *Globe* of July 14th has this to say concerning the situation among the farmers of Southwestern Ontario:

"Owing to the unprecedented scarcity of farm labour a large proportion of farmers are seeding their land this year for fodder and pasturage, the reservation being a limited area for root crops next season. By adopting this policy the farmers largely escape the toil of ploughing, sowing and harvesting. This change of method is sure to lessen the production of bacon and of dairy products. Already in the west many cheese factories have been closed up. Some of these have been replaced by creameries, but the scarcity of hired help is affecting them also. As milking must be done by hand this is inevitable, for it is as hard to secure the services of women as of men."

NOVA SCOTIA'S APPLE CROP

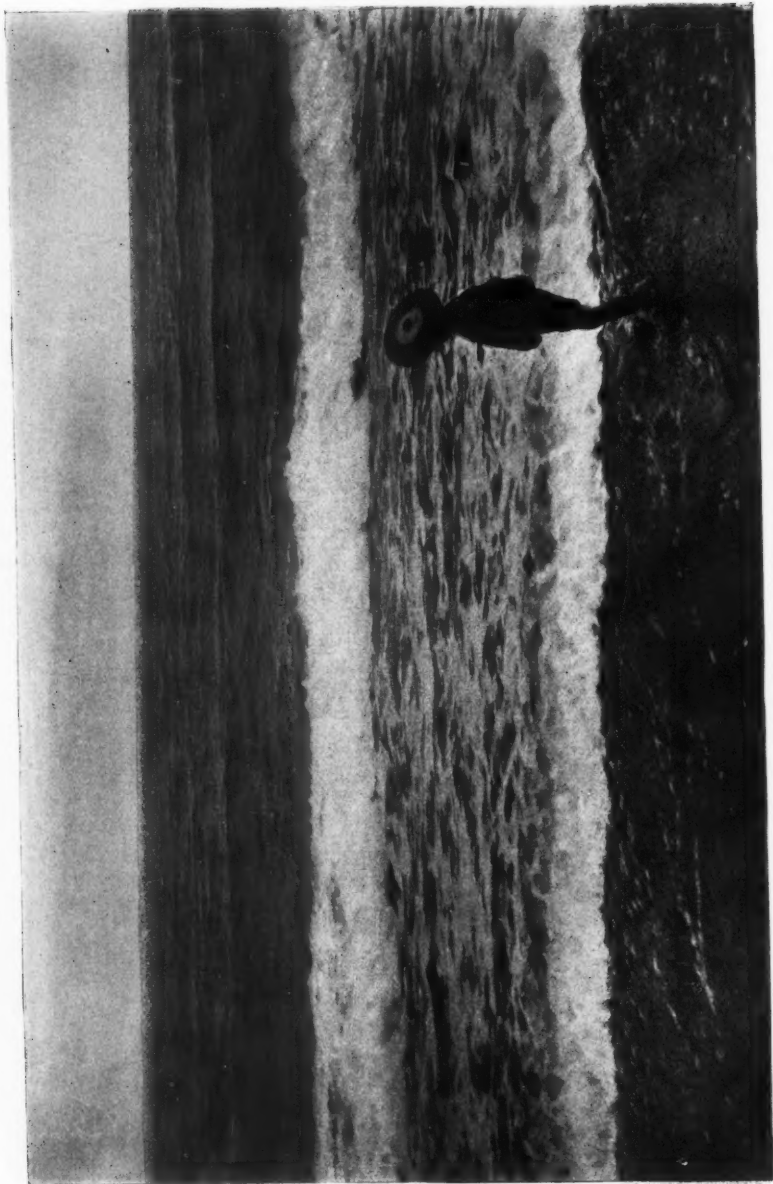
SPEAKING of the prospects of the Nova Scotia fruit crop for this season, J. W. Bigelow says that apples blossomed well, and as the first week in June was favourable to pollenization they set well, and there are now in sight in the three counties about 600,000 barrels as against 500,000 for last year. The estimate in thousands is for Baldwins, 140; Kings, 90; Gravensteins, 70; Nonpareils, 80; Ribstons, 60; Golden Russets, 70, besides other varieties. The leaf blight is causing some alarm and may reduce the estimate.—Halifax Herald.

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ATLANTIC SURF, NEAR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA

CANADIAN MAGAZINE